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THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

IF it were in the fashion of great political Assemblies to draw logical conclusions from facts and arguments, the vote of censure adopted by the House of Lords might defy hostile criticism. The organs of the Government have fastened with instinctive accuracy on the only weak point in the case of the Upper House. The censure was undeniably just, but the Royal Warrant remains in force, and the Ministry in office. It is possible that the vote may produce a moral effect, especially as the debate which preceded it illustrated the habitual superiority of the Lords to the Commons in closeness of argument, and generally in intellectual power. It may be an accident that the House of Lords contains a greater number of speakers of the first and second order. There are probably also many peers as shallow and self-satisfied as the most loquacious triflers in the House of Commons; but they belong to a class which is sensitive to ridicule and to the judgment of equals and superiors. Nine-tenths of the members of the House of Lords are wisely content to listen and to vote; and if their leaders were always as prudent as they are able, the majority would commit few mistakes. The rejection in substance, if not in form, of the Army Bill, involved a grave error in judgment. Almost all the chief speakers of the Opposition declined to commit themselves to the maintenance of purchase, and the subsequent proceedings of the House have amounted to an admission that the other clauses of the Bill were unobjectionable. The postponement of the question to a future Session could benefit neither the army nor the country; and Lord GRANVILLE was perfectly justified in regarding the Duke of RICHMOND's amendment as a refusal to assent to a second reading. When an important Government measure is produced, it is seldom a conclusive objection that it is incomplete; and in nine cases out of ten an Opposition which insists on the introduction of supplementary provisions really directs its attack against the positive enactments of the Bill. To the demand for a scheme of retirement it might be answered that the abolition of purchase must compel the Government of the day to devise some alternative method of promotion. A party vote tending to create public embarrassment would have injured the House of Lords in general estimation if Mr. GLADSTONE had not diverted attention to a more startling miscarriage of policy.

On Monday last the Ministerial speakers confined themselves to the indisputable assertion that the issue of the Warrant was legal. Their opponents had no difficulty in proving that the procedure was nevertheless unconstitutional. There is of course a certain vagueness and ambiguity in the distinction between the letter of the law and the Constitution; but any confusion which may exist is inseparable from institutions which have sprung from historical causes rather than from direct legislation. The nearest analogy to Mr. GLADSTONE's recent exploit is to be found in the newfangled revivals of obsolete vestures and ceremonies which have of late years disturbed the tranquillity of the Church; but Mr. GLADSTONE's motives are more definitely factious than those of his Ritualist prototypes. The Constitution exists in the traditional knowledge of statesmen and of educated politicians, as the common law has from time immemorial lain in the breasts of the Judges. One invariable maxim is that a disused and unreppealed prerogative ought not to be exercised without the previous sanction of Parliament; and the observance of the rule is still more indispensable when private rights and interests are attacked. It has never been the custom in England formally to curtail the powers of the Crown, except for the purpose of correcting some practical abuse; yet Parliament has, without any corresponding change in the

law, gradually, and with universal assent, appropriated to itself the sovereignty which once belonged almost absolutely to the Crown. When a Minister, with or without the approval of the House of Commons, revives a prerogative which had been left in abeyance, he perpetrates an unconstitutional act. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH deserved severe censure for their attempt to create life peerages, without Parliamentary sanction, for the first time in four hundred years. Mr. GLADSTONE's Royal Warrant is a more mischievous deviation from the regular course, for the paradoxical reason that it is legal and operative. Lord LYNCHURST vindicated the Constitution against Lord CRANWORTH by excluding Lord WENSLEYDALE from the House of Lords, but Lord CAIRNS is obliged to confine himself to a verbal demonstration that Mr. GLADSTONE has violated the Constitution. During the week which elapsed between the issue of the Warrant and the debate on the vote of censure, the Ministers abandoned the excuse which was preferred by Lord GRANVILLE with obvious sincerity, and by Mr. GLADSTONE with his usual litigious vehemence. It is now conceded that the Royal Warrant was an act of prerogative, and not of statutory power; and, indeed, as Lord CAIRNS conclusively proved, the Ministerial delinquency would have been still more indefensible if the Crown had been charged by law with the duty of fixing the prices of commissions. Yet the advice on which the QUEEN signed the Warrant was tendered by the Ministers before they had allowed themselves leisure to ascertain that they were proposing an exercise of the prerogative. Anger is a short madness, and Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps feared that the excitement under which he prefers to act might have evaporated if he had allowed himself a day or two for reflection, or for consultation with his legal advisers. The Government intended to do what was both unconstitutional and illegal; but through ignorance and hurry it only succeeded in committing the less definite offence.

The Duke of RICHMOND with creditable acuteness made use of an admission on the part of the Duke of ARGYLL, who has in the late debates been the ablest advocate of the Ministerial policy. In answer to the demand for a detailed scheme of military organization, the Duke of ARGYLL contended with considerable force that it would be unconstitutional to consult Parliament on matters which properly belonged to the discretion or prerogative of the Crown. It followed that the abolition of purchase which was submitted to Parliament was not, in the opinion of the Government, within the province of prerogative. Arguments of this kind are not conclusive, because they only prove that the adversary was mistaken either on a former occasion or in the immediate controversy; but the Duke of ARGYLL was convicted of an evident contradiction or inconsistency. The indefensible nature of the Ministerial position could not be more clearly shown than by Lord GRANVILLE's abstention from all serious attempt to justify the issue of the Warrant. Instead of grappling with the arguments of his opponents, Lord GRANVILLE amused himself with trifling criticisms on the language of the Duke of RICHMOND's resolution. It is true that, whatever may be the case in America, there is no such authority as the Executive in England, and that *executive* is still an adjective, although the similar form of *prerogative* has attained to substantive dignity. The Duke of RICHMOND or Lord CAIRNS committed a verbal and technical error. Mr. GLADSTONE, while he was technically correct in his practice, though not in his interpretation of his own measure, inflicted a serious blow on constitutional freedom.

If the Bill for disestablishing the Irish Church had been defeated, and Mr. GLADSTONE had advised the Crown to abstain from appointing successors in vacant sees, no process known to the law could have compelled the QUEEN to discharge one of her plainest duties. Lord SALISBURY aptly

referred to a scheme which was suggested forty years ago as a substitute for a Reform Bill, of issuing by Royal Prerogative Writs of Summons to unrepresented towns. The same power had been exercised by the Crown a century later than the right of creating life peerages, and about a century before the disuse of the veto, and the institution of purchase in the army. It is only by inference that the revival of the arbitrary issue of writs could be shown to be invalid. Yet Lord GREY and his colleagues never for a moment thought it possible to supersede the action of Parliament in dealing with its own constitution. It is doubtful what might have been the policy of the Ministry if the Mr. GLADSTONE of 1871 had been Prime Minister in 1831. It is not inconceivable that when the House of Lords rejected the first Reform Bill an impulsive and imperious Minister might have advised the Crown to issue writs to Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham. The mob, and possibly the majority of the House of Commons, would have applauded such an act of vigour, and, at the mere cost of a violent revolution, the reforming Government would have revenged itself on a contumacious House of Lords, and temporarily confirmed its own possession of office. Although it is probable that the Government will continue to act in concert with its faithful majority in the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE would on occasion not hesitate to appeal to the mob against his present supporters. If he were to be outvoted on a proposal to give sixty members to the metropolis, he might perhaps advise the Crown to issue writs to St. Pancras or St. Luke's; and his newspaper satellites would not fail to applaud the courage of "the great Minister" who never allows a constitutional scruple to stand in his way. He has now contrived, as Lord RUSSELL justly said, to bring the Crown—erroneously described by the Duke of RICHMOND as the Executive—into direct and wilful collision with the House of Lords. The time may come when Mr. GLADSTONE, or a successor improving on the precedent which he has established, may use the prerogative of the Crown, with the aid of "flesh and blood" and physical force, as an instrument for a more subversive attack on the institutions of the country.

LORD RUSSELL ON THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

LORD RUSSELL has just published a pamphlet on the Foreign Policy of England, and on its first perusal there appears no possible reason why it should have been written. There seems no theory which it is intended to advocate, nor any line of policy which it is calculated to suggest. A large portion of its contents have no reference to the Foreign Policy of England at all. It is filled with page after page of quotations in small type from Lord MACAULAY's works, as if the author were revealing treasures of wisdom and learning from an unknown and inaccessible source. There are long disquisitions on the characters of the last two STUART Kings. The whole of the latter part of the pamphlet is given up to an exposition of the views of Lord RUSSELL on the causes and consequences of the late war between France and Germany. Many of what are generally considered as among the most important portions of the history of English Foreign Policy are not noticed at all. In a disquisition on the Foreign Policy of England Lord RUSSELL has not found it necessary to make even the briefest reference to the Crimean war, or to the *Alabama* question, or to recent affairs in Asia. When we get to the end of the pamphlet and expect that something must be coming at last, we find that Lord RUSSELL merely asserts in the vaguest possible terms that we ought to have a good army and navy, and that we ought to look out lest the growing power of Russia should endanger Austria and Turkey. But he goes on to tell us that this calamity is to be averted by the judicious use of the "legions of civilized Europe." This certainly points to a Foreign Policy of the extreme simplicity. If the legions of civilized Europe will at our instigation all combine to fight Russia, we may be very comfortable as to the result. But then we ask whether it is possible that an English statesman, who has been twice Prime Minister, and for years held the seals of the Foreign Office, can think it worth while to inform his country, as the result of his lifelong experience and thought, that the key to our Foreign Policy of the future is to get all Europe to fight with us against Russia. What are we to do if half of the legions of civilized Europe insist on taking the wrong side? But when we look again over what we have read we begin to perceive Lord RUSSELL's drift. He has really a theory to maintain which he has very much at heart. This theory is that the Foreign Policy of England goes right of itself if the Government of England is the expression of Whig doctrines

expounded by truly Whig officials, and that it goes wrong of itself if it is the expression of any other doctrines, or of the right doctrines expounded by the wrong men. Certainly this is a very curious fact if it is true, and is a secret very well worth knowing.

Lord RUSSELL divides the history of English Foreign Policy, so far as it is necessary for his purpose to notice it at all, into three periods. The first period extends from the Revolution of 1688 to the end of the Seven Years' War. During this period Whig doctrines were expounded and upheld in England by Whig officials, and accordingly our Foreign Policy was great and glorious, and thoroughly successful. It is in order that the reader may peruse the history of the period with adequate relish and instruction that Lord RUSSELL has artfully led him through a preparatory stage. All the dissertations on the iniquities of the two sons of CHARLES I., all the pages on pages of quotation from MACAULAY, are intended to get the reader into a Whiggish frame of mind. They are a sort of overture attuning the reader to the splendid music that is to follow, and are therefore by no means so irrelevant as they seem. It is under their influence, and inspired by the thoughts they awaken, that the reader is introduced to Lord RUSSELL's survey of the First Period—of that delightful period when all was right and went right. The Seven Years' War was the crowning epoch of the true system of our Foreign Policy. Lord CHATHAM is especially commended for his great political wisdom in giving large subsidies to Germany to fight against France, for he thus indirectly gained Canada and India for England. The sublime end was attained. As Lord RUSSELL expresses it, "the triumph of the Whig cause was assured in Europe, America, and Asia." The Second Period is the dark and gloomy period, just like the second volume of a novel. It involved a combination of horrors. The English Government fell into the hands of men who were not Whigs at all, and had no true perception of Whig principles. Consequently our Foreign Policy was as bad as could be. Lord RUSSELL does not say much of the Peninsular War, and does not mention Waterloo. He chiefly devotes himself to explaining how it was that the great antagonist of Whiggism, the younger PITT, did everything wrong. Apparently he did exactly what his father had done. He tried to fight France by paying subsidies to Germany to fight her. But in his un-Whiggish hands the magic spell had lost its power. The more he paid the less he got for it. He was cheated by Prussia, he was cheated by Austria, he was openly derided and baffled by Russia. He got, in short, nothing whatever for his money. We are now paying the interest of the money he borrowed, and can thus appreciate what it costs to depart from the guidance of Whigs and their doctrines. The Third Period extends from 1830 to the present time, and is a period neither wholly good nor wholly bad, although, as the Whigs have been in office for so great a portion of the time, the good of course largely preponderates. Lord RUSSELL does not, as we have said, go into much detail about this period. He rather gives it his blessing generally than inquires into particular instances of success or failure. The only point on which he enlarges is the history of the negotiations which ended in our not going to war on behalf of Denmark; and here he takes occasion to make the astonishing confession that, on reflection, he thinks Lord PALMERSTON was more right than he was, and that it was right not to rush into a war in which we had no chance of doing any good. But this pamphlet or Whig novel does not close with a vision of unmingled happiness. A shadow falls on the spirits of the reader as he comes to the end. It is true that Whig doctrines, or something not unlike them, are now in the ascendant; but then they are not expounded by truly Whig men. Lord GRANVILLE is, indeed, a Whig nobleman of exactly the right type, and Lord RUSSELL approves most energetically of Lord GRANVILLE. But then above Lord GRANVILLE is Mr. GLADSTONE. Now Mr. GLADSTONE, whatever he may be, is certainly not a truly Whig official. And what is the consequence? Did not Mr. GLADSTONE, as Lord RUSSELL invites us to remember, write last autumn that silly article in the *Edinburgh Review*?

Readers of this generation have not, we fear, much to learn as to the Foreign Policy of England from Lord RUSSELL's pamphlet. They for the most part fully admit the value of those Whig principles for which Lord RUSSELL contends, and are all for civil and religious liberty and against despotism and clerical intrigues. As to truly Whig officials, the difficulty is that there are none. The race has died out. Lord GRANVILLE is the nearest approach, but if he is to be called a truly Whig official, he at any rate stands alone; and Lord RUSSELL might find it interesting to observe that most persons, if they heard

Lord GRANVILLE called a truly Whig official, would consider him treated with undeserved discourtesy. But nevertheless there is something in this pamphlet that in a remote way touches the feelings, and may possibly guide the opinions of the reader. Limited as is the range of political vision which it indicates, it reminds us how intensely the leaders of the last generation believed in and acted up to what came within that range. It is precisely because in youth and middle life Lord RUSSELL believed in Whig principles as in a kind of religion that he worked so hard and did so much for the triumph of Liberal opinion in England. It was impossible that Whiggism should permanently content a progressive nation, just as it was impossible that the doctrines of LUTHER and CALVIN should permanently content the religious world that separated from the Church of Rome. But Whiggism, like the Reformation, was the indispensable beginning of greater things; and if it were true—of which there does not seem to us the slightest indication—that England was departing from whatever was essentially good in Whiggism and the Reformation, we should believe that it was a symptom of national decline. It is sometimes advantageous to go back over well-known ground, and to dwell on what have become truisms and commonplaces, whenever some one having the right to do so asks us to dwell on them. Lord RUSSELL has sufficiently benefited England by his advocacy of Whig principles to be entitled to invite us to keep on record what they have done for us. And very much of what Lord RUSSELL says in this odd pamphlet is in itself true. There is something grotesque in the description of CLIVE's victories as the triumph of the Whig cause in Asia; but it is worth remembering that, unless our rule in India had become one of justice and toleration, it would have done neither us nor India any good; and that, but for the success of the Revolution of 1688 and for the adherence of England during the first half of the eighteenth century to the principles of that Revolution, there is no reason to suppose we should have shown either justice or toleration in our government of India. The greatness of England has been mainly won by great men inspired by liberal thoughts. The acknowledged merits of acknowledged heroes of the past are, indeed, more a theme for verse than prose; but happily it is many years since Lord RUSSELL left off writing verse. This pamphlet is his form of a poem, and the last songs of the great Whig Swan may at least be listened to with respect.

THE BALLOT AND THE PUBLIC BUSINESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. FAWCETT's objections to a bare Ballot Bill, the Government would have saved itself some trouble by omitting the accessory clauses which purport to provide for the order and purity of elections. Intolerant of opposition which bears a political character, Mr. GLADSTONE submitted with perfect resignation to the defeat by his own supporters of the proposal to charge the expenses of elections on the rates. Mr. JAMES and Mr. HARCOURT urged forcible reasons against a change which is nevertheless recommended by other considerations. Mr. HARCOURT dwelt on the acknowledged injustice of local taxation, and Mr. JAMES pointed out the hardship of making a borough pay for a contest which it would perhaps have incurred a moderate sacrifice to avoid. The strongest theoretical objection to the plan was its obvious tendency to promote unnecessary contests; but the constituencies and the majority which represented their opinions simply disapproved of any addition to the rates; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as might have been expected, regarded as wholly inadmissible the alternative of imposing the burden on the Exchequer. The division was more significant than the debate; but Mr. GLADSTONE's speech in favour of the clause ought not to pass without notice. It was obvious that the opportunity of becoming a candidate for election without incurring expenses would have been exceptionally advantageous to the poorer sort of politicians; nor could Mr. GLADSTONE have been blamed for disapproving of the indirect property qualification which many members of the House of Commons are anxious to retain. Unluckily the Minister can never restrict himself to the adjustment of the balance between conflicting advantages. As soon as his opinion on any subject is formed, his judgment tilts suddenly over, and he proceeds in a tone of passionate paradox to maintain some proposition which had perhaps not occurred to his mind a few weeks or months ago. In discussing Mr. JAMES's Amendment Mr. GLADSTONE could think and speak of nothing except the paramount expediency of inducing the working classes to elect some members

of their own body to the House of Commons. There have been many members of the House who have raised themselves from the rank of artisans, and the most successful workmen, it may be assumed, form a natural aristocracy selected from their former order. Even if workmen were especially qualified to govern the country, a member of Parliament must necessarily cease to work at his handicraft; and there seems to be no special advantage in choosing persons who happened to work down to the day of election. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE had accustomed himself to notice facts, his anxiety for the direct representation of labour in the House would probably not be tempered by observing who among the working class have aspired to a seat in Parliament. Half-a-dozen violent revolutionists have appropriated to themselves the right and duty of representing the working class in the House of Commons. Mr. ODGER, the most notorious of the number, is a restless member of half-a-dozen Clubs which agree in the common object of subverting not only the Government and Constitution of England, but the existing order of society. The Land and Labour League professedly aims at the confiscation of all landed property, while the International Society would more consistently put an end to ownership of every description. As a member of the Council of the International Society, and, according to his own boast, as the founder, Mr. ODGER is responsible for a document which justifies the brutal murder of the Archbishop of PARIS and his sixty innocent companions, the rebellion of the Commune against France, and the conflagration of Paris. It would be unjust to impute to illiterate demagogues a perfect complicity in the criminal doctrines which are put into their mouths by astuter leaders; and very likely several of the English members of the International Association may scarcely understand the extravagances, the lies, and the libels to which they are committed; yet a responsible Prime Minister might be supposed rather to deprecate than to invite the attendance in Parliament of declaimers who in the meantime, with the connivance of the Government, insult the QUEEN in the streets. A more thoughtful statesman would also hesitate to alter the character of the House of Commons, which confessedly represents the whole community, by an admixture of members who would never even profess an interest in any class but their own. An unfriendly observer might almost suspect Mr. GLADSTONE of a design to form a contingent alliance with the BRADLAUGHS and ODGERS against those supporters of his own who still feel a prejudice in favour of order, of property, and of monarchy. While he denounces the Opposition, and treats the House of Commons like a set of schoolboys, Mr. GLADSTONE is uniformly courteous and deferential to the anarchists. He lately tendered a profuse apology for a casual delay in answering an address of the Society for Protecting Public Rights, under which title the Jacobin or Communist Club asserts its claim to use the Parks for revolutionary meetings. A more disgraceful concession was made in the withdrawal of the notice by which the seditious assemblage in Trafalgar Square had been prohibited. Mr. BRUCE's astounding admission that all meetings for all purposes in all places are legal was evidently dictated by Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mr. FAWCETT's indignant remonstrance against the mutilation of the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill may perhaps have warned the Government that its persistent promotion of the Ballot has not achieved its only intelligible object, that of satisfying the advanced section of the Liberal party. It may have been necessary to lighten the vessel by throwing over a portion of the cargo; but the remainder was scarcely worth preserving. After much confusion of cross voting, the prohibition of the use of public-houses was carried by a series of divisions, in which the Government was once defeated. The clause by which clandestine payments were to be declared corrupt has been abandoned without discussion. It may be true that, as Mr. FORSTER explained, the subject belongs to the Corrupt Practices Act rather than to the Ballot Bill, into which it had nevertheless been deliberately introduced by the Government. In its attenuated condition the Bill will pass the House of Commons; but Mr. GLADSTONE, who opposed the Ballot for five-and-thirty years, and those of his colleagues who shared his former opinions, have never yet explained the urgent need of embodying their recent apostasy in immediate legislation. Their object indeed is not to alter the law, or to establish secret voting, but to render the House of Lords unpopular. Mr. GLADSTONE has, with singular ingenuity, provided the House of Lords with the best possible excuse both for distrusting his general policy and for rejecting the Ballot Bill; and his protest against Mr. FAWCETT's proposal to pass an important

Bill in August will not fail to be quoted on the discussion of the Ministerial measure.

Several weeks have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE announced that the forms of the House of Commons must be modified, or that its functions must be abdicated. Perhaps it may be contended that his declaration has been justified by the subsequent history of the Session. Not a single important Ministerial measure, except the University Tests Bill, has been passed, and Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on Wednesday proved that his reluctant consent to the plan of opening the English Universities was not the result of any sincere change in the opinions which he formerly advocated. A part of the Army Bill was dropped in the House of Commons, and the most important of the remaining provisions has been adopted, though not enacted, by dealing with the mechanism of the Constitution as skilfully as a man in a hurry who should push on the hands of his watch. The Crown has no latent prerogative which can be used to supersede the control of Parliament over the truncated Ballot Bill; and it is certain that the Session will have been almost absolutely barren. Whether the proper remedy is a limitation of the right of Parliamentary debate may be reasonably doubted. It is probably true that, as Mr. GLADSTONE insinuates, the present House of Commons is inferior to less perfectly reformed Assemblies in reticence, in tact, in aptitude for business, and in political instinct; but its qualities are not fairly tested under the awkwardest management which has been known in Parliamentary history. The dilatory tactics of Opposition members may sometimes be objectionable; but impartial judges are inclined to condone proceedings which might at other times seem almost factious when they find that the adherents of the Government have been instructed to maintain an obstinate and irritating silence. On Wednesday last, having himself spoken at great length and with portentous solemnity against the details of a measure which he shrank from opposing on principle, the PRIME MINISTER employed his facetious subordinate, the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, to render a division impossible by joking against time. Henceforth the most pertinacious opponents of the Ballot Bill may quote Mr. GLADSTONE's authority for using the forms of the House to baffle the majority. It is not by keeping men or members of Parliament in a chronic state of irritation that they are more easily governed.

MINISTERIAL CHAOS.

THERE is one of SHAKESPEARE's Sonnets which people often quote simply because it is often quoted; for we can scarcely credit readers nowadays with any original knowledge of SHAKESPEARE's Sonnets, or, for the matter of that, with much personal acquaintance with SHAKESPEARE's plays. However, here it is once more:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace.

If the glorious morning of the Government rose in February, undoubtedly on Monday night Mr. GLADSTONE stole to West, not without disgrace. We have heard more than once of "the noble poet" of the *Quarterly Review* who awoke one morning and found himself famous. Mr. GLADSTONE must have gone to bed last Tuesday morning with a tolerably strong impression that he and his colleagues would get up next morning and find themselves very infamous indeed. The catalogue of Ministerial defeats, all crowded into one fatal evening, is unexampled in length and severity. In the Lords a direct vote of censure against the Government by a majority of eighty—just two to one. In the Commons the Minister, though personally engaging in the debate, was routed by a majority of ninety-six. Besides these actual and formal defeats, the War Minister had to make the humiliating announcement that the Berkshire manœuvres must be abandoned—that is to say, that nothing whatever had been done in the way of the promised organization of our land forces, that the vaunted Control system had ignominiously broken down, and that what Mr. CARDWELL had boasted at the beginning of the Session of the great things he meant to do, he now found, as advised by Sir H. STOKES, he could not do. All this was going on inside the House, while within half a mile of it the two most turbulent agitators of the day had quite openly defied the Government by holding a meeting which the HOME SECRETARY had formally prohibited in the morning. Such a supper of horrors was never spread for a Minister before.

To estimate the political importance of this Black Monday, it is as well to look at the various character of the events. It is not one department of administration which broke down, but all of them. The PRIME MINISTER himself must be held personally responsible for the collision between the two Houses. The Army Bill originally consisted of several distinct proposals. It aimed at least at completeness. Not only did it abolish purchase, but it claimed to be a measure for the reorganization of the army, and for providing for a Reserve. But to do all this was too much for Ministerial or official capacity, was too severe a stress on the energies of Government. So the measure was cut in two, but only the means, or rather one of the means, to secure a certain end, was preserved, the end itself being sent to the limbo of the next Session. This course the Lords resented; they did not, so they declared, decline to discuss a complete scheme; they did decline to entertain it by instalments. The PREMIER then interfered with the rusty mace of prerogative, and the Lords passed their vote of censure. This censure Mr. GLADSTONE's newspapers treat as a great joke. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that a censure concurred in and supported by such veteran Liberals as Earl RUSSELL and Lord ROMILLY is a light matter, he is not likely to tell us. The defeat in the Commons, though not so serious an event, might have been avoided by judicious management; and from the responsibility of that mishap, which the PREMIER personally, though too late, endeavoured to avoid, he cannot be personally relieved. The collapse of the Berkshire campaign is the last and most fatal proof of the total incapacity of Mr. CARDWELL, advised by Sir H. STOKES, to deal with the greatest question of the day, the efficiency of the army, and affords a melancholy confirmation of the misgivings which were felt at the close of the last Session, and the opening of the present Session, as to the lukewarmness of the fine promises of the Government. The procedure of the Home Office with regard to the Trafalgar Square meeting was of course to be expected. We know all about Mr. BRUCE; he has now only furnished the last and most needless illustration of his own imbecility. It is of the nature of things that the Home Office should make a mess of everything with which it meddles. Mr. BRUCE only acts after his kind. Last year the HOME SECRETARY assured us that the present Session should be devoted to domestic affairs; he promised legislation on the Licensing question and the rating question. Indeed, these measures were recommended in the QUEEN's Speech for 1870. Where are they? A Mines Regulation Bill has been brought in only to fall through. Then there are, and always will be, the ornamental promises about the Municipality of London, the Enclosure of Commons, County Finance, Turnpikes, Local Taxation, Police Efficiency, Protection of Life on Railways, Protection of Life from Fœtid and Poisonous Water, the Game Laws, a Public Prosecutor. Where are they? But even Mr. BRUCE has his triumphs; he teems with lofty intentions, as he always will do; with the Parks given up to Sunday blasphemies, with no protection against the stealthy advance of cholera, and flushed with the especial successes of his department in legal matters, as exhibited in the BOULTON and PARK case and the POOK prosecution, he will again promise and again fail. LUCRETIVS cynically enlarges on the satisfaction which a man feels when he is quite safe himself but sees his neighbours whelmed in the flood. There is another variety of this self-complacency when a man who has been thoroughly bogged finds, however late, his friends and neighbours plunging into the morass which has dirtied himself. The indignities which Mr. WALPOLE suffered at the hands of BEALES must have been partly assuaged by the spectacle of Mr. BRUCE mobbed and screamed at by the unsexed opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts, and by ODGER and BRADLAUGH openly defying authority and succeeding in their defiance. Mr. LOWE with his three Budgets must chuckle grimly as Mr. BRUCE once more recounts his own contributions to the failures of the Session, and as Mr. CARDWELL announces that after a whole year's preparation it is unsafe, in the probability of bad weather and cold high winds, to assemble 30,000 men in the open, and impossible to move 10,000 men ten miles from Aldershot under our re-organization; and even Mr. AYTON must be inspired with a characteristic envy that the Cabinet themselves can do nearly as much to discredit Government by their incapacity as he has throughout the Session done by his more vulgar insolence.

Yet even all this does not exhaust the week's misadventures of the Government. On Wednesday the PRIME MINISTER was compelled to submit to the ignominious dodge of the Previous Question on the second reading of Mr. FAWCETT's Trinity

College Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE did not know his own mind; or, judging from what he said, and said of course in his most impressively and oppressively obscure manner, rather we should suspect, he has as yet no mind. He waits for inspiration, but whether that inspiration is to come from Archbishop CULLEN, or the Grandmaster of the Orangemen, or the most undisguised Secularists, he does not quite know. And there is some excuse for ignorance, that is for general ignorance on the subject, though none for a Prime Minister's ignorance on any point, especially a Prime Minister who has disestablished the Irish Church and is in favour of abolishing all University tests, and who ought therefore, knowing more than anybody else about Ireland, and as much as anybody else about University tests, to have an opinion on Irish University tests. For ourselves, we own to grave suspicions about the wonderful conversion of Trinity College, and to still graver doubts about a proposition backed by Secularists and Orangemen. Such a coalition cannot be sincere. Mr. FAWCETT's Bill would allow Mr. CONGREVE or Dr. RUSSELL of Maynooth to hold the Divinity professorship, for *pace* the *Times* and the Irish SOLICITOR-GENERAL, the Divinity chair might be—we do not say would be—held by one who was not required to subscribe to any Test. But what is Mr. GLADSTONE's view? He is in favour of the principle of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill; though whether he and Mr. FAWCETT are at one on what that principle is Mr. GLADSTONE does not, we certainly do not, know. Mr. GLADSTONE abolished the grant to Maynooth; but some authorities think that Mr. GLADSTONE after all would consent to the establishment and endowment of an exclusively Roman Catholic University, on the very subtle and obscure ground that anti-denominationalism with the Roman religionists means precisely the reverse of what it is understood to be by English Liberals. Mr. GLADSTONE admits that Mr. FAWCETT's Bill would most completely abolish tests; but then he also thinks it would not satisfy Romanists; and he suspects very reasonably Mr. PLUNKETT, a Tory representative of the Dublin University, sneering at "denominational and sectarian education." In a word, Mr. GLADSTONE suspects the Danai all round, and we agree with him. But why not be a little explicit? why not say at once that he objects to Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, and means to oppose it? He talked on Wednesday vaguely, but prettily, about peace and goodwill; but by saying nothing intelligible, and doing nothing at all, he has only invited another year's wrangling, and another year to be spent in all parties deceiving each other. The PREMIER on Wednesday only contributed another and most characteristic illustration of the present deplorable breakdown of the strongest Ministry of our own times.

SPAIN.

THE change of Ministry in Spain deserves attention, because for the first time in three years the Government is now administered by a single party. Experience will show whether the dissolution of the temporary union is a step in advance towards the normal working of the Constitution, or a recommencement of factious struggles. If a Progressist or Radical Administration was to be formed, it could have no abler or more honest chief than Señor ZORRILLA. His elaborate statement of the policy which he proposes to adopt displays firmness, foresight, and moderation. As far as it is possible to judge from abridged English versions of the debates in the Cortes, the Spaniards are fortunate in their party speakers. Señor ZORRILLA is not an orator of the same order as the Republican leader CASTELAR; but his language is perspicuous and dignified, and he is eminently courteous both to dependent allies and to professed opponents. If he can secure a majority without becoming dependent on Republican aid, and if his War Minister, General CORDOVA, can command the obedience of the army, Señor ZORRILLA will probably be able to confer important benefits on his country. On the other hand, there is some reason to fear the effects of the revived party contests which are about to succeed to the three years' armistice. Since the Revolution of September a steady majority has only had to resist the desultory attacks of the Republicans and of the Carlists. MARTOS, RIVERA, TOPETE, and perhaps SERRANO himself, will henceforth introduce into the debates of the Cortes the differences of opinion which ended in the dissolution of the King's first Cabinet. Much may be hoped from the political aptitude which the Spaniards have exhibited since the September Revolution. They may almost claim the merit of having invented a new form of government, which has since been reproduced in France, with THIERS in the place of PRIM. Government by a Chief of the State holding his

appointment at the pleasure of a Parliament has for some generations been practically established in England; but in copying the spirit of English institutions, and at the same time disregarding the forms, the Spaniards displayed political originality. Their peaceable transition from a provisional system to an hereditary monarchy was eminently creditable to the nation and to its leading statesmen. If Spain is still in some respects backward, no country has improved so rapidly or so greatly within a century, and even in the present generation. In the days of CHARLES IV., or of FERDINAND VII., such a speech as that of the present PRIME MINISTER would, even if he had been at liberty to express his opinions, have been impossible and unintelligible. His predecessors during the early part of the reign of ISABELLA II. were vaguer, more grandiloquent, and readier to appeal to patriotic vanity. In his address to the Cortes Señor ZORRILLA referred to the speech which he delivered before his mission to Italy, for the purpose of warning his countrymen against their national defects.

The Government undertakes as a principal duty the establishment, at whatever cost, of a financial equilibrium. If, says Señor ZORRILLA, the necessary reductions inflict hardship on public functionaries, the sufferers must be content to acquiesce in the results of an indispensable policy. That official parsimony is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, to enforce, is well known to all administrators and politicians; but foreigners are hardly in a position to estimate the strength of the resistance which the members of the Spanish Civil Service may be able to offer to the proposed reforms. Unless flagrant abuses require correction, it would perhaps be prudent rather to devise means of increasing the revenue than to attempt any sudden diminution of expenditure. To the clergy, who may be regarded as irreconcilable opponents of the new Government, the Minister tenders a cold but not unfriendly neutrality. He repudiates any hostile feeling to the Church, and at the same time he intimates his determination to maintain in all respects the independence of the State. For the present he has no ecclesiastical legislation to propose, except a measure of secondary importance for the secularization of cemeteries. As the Ultramontane party would not be contented with any concession short of the re-establishment of clerical supremacy, it is not worth the while of any Government proceeding from the Revolution of 1868 to court their goodwill or forbearance. A promise to establish trial by jury in criminal cases suggests surprise that an institution so generally adopted on the Continent should not long since have been introduced into Spain. No country has been more fruitful of democratic constitutions; but modern revolutionists have seldom concerned themselves with securities for personal liberty or safety. The undertaking to maintain the sovereignty of Spain in Cuba, which is indispensably required of every successive Minister, was cordially applauded by the Cortes. Spain is not great enough, or perhaps not sufficiently enlightened, to feel or affect a cosmopolitan indifference to the retention of her colonies.

ZORRILLA's foreign policy is more original than his patriotic resolution of suppressing colonial rebellion. Instead of uselessly dwelling on the relations of Spain to the great European Powers, which consist simply in reciprocal non-intervention, he announces his purpose of cultivating with especial solicitude the friendship of the kindred States of Portugal and the South-American Republics. The scheme of an Iberian monarchy has of late been abandoned or suspended, but Spanish statesmen cannot fail to remember that by language and race Portugal is as nearly connected with Castille as Catalonia or Andalusia. It is perfectly possible that, while the two States remain independent, the neighbouring and kindred communities should be united by administrative and fiscal arrangements. It would be as easy to dispense with custom-houses and passports on the common frontier as between Bavaria and Saxony; nor is there any reason why a subject of either kingdom should not be, as a matter of course, naturalized in the other. Incidentally it may be remarked that England, which is bound to guarantee the independence of Portugal, ought to regard with peculiar complacency the progress of Peninsular union. It is scarcely possible that Portugal should be exposed to external aggression except through the act or by the connivance of Spain, and with the cultivation of more intimate relations the contingent danger of a rupture will disappear. The growers of port and the growers of sherry are united by the same ties of appetite and interest to the most insatiable of consumers. The Spanish States in South America may perhaps be more suspicious than the Portuguese, and only a few months have elapsed since O'DONNELL's unnecessary war with Peru and

Chili was formally concluded; but perhaps civil words and friendly acts may gradually mitigate the jealousy which emancipated colonies seem always to entertain towards the mother-country. Spain is more civilized, more powerful, and in every way more respectable than any or all of the mongrel communities which share her religion and language. The policy of reconquest is evidently hopeless; and an attempt to restore a union of sentiment, and possibly of interest, can at least do no harm.

For the successful conduct of affairs in Spain many conditions are required besides the possession of a sound and prudent policy. The financial difficulties which have arisen from a long course of mismanagement are not to be removed by mere wishes and promises; nor is it at present known whether the Progressist party commands a majority in the country or in the Cortes. It is probable that ZORRILLA is as patriotic and intelligent as PRIM, but he has not the same influence with any party except his own, and he is not a military leader. One element of PRIM's power in the State was his control of the army, which he carefully held aloof from political disputes as soon as by its aid he had attained to supreme power. With the ill-omened exception of GONZALES BRAVO, no Spanish Prime Minister for many years has been a civilian. SERRANO was scarcely less popular in the army than PRIM; and as long as he remained at the head of affairs there was no danger of a military conspiracy. General CORDOVA is comparatively obscure; and he is not at the head of the Government. If tranquillity and uninterrupted civil government can be maintained for a few years, the KING, who seems to possess ability and discretion, will remove many difficulties by assuming his proper position as the head of the army; but the risks which he incurred in his acceptance of the Crown were greatly increased by the crime which deprived him of his most powerful subject and supporter. Marshal SERRANO has for more than half a year loyally supplied the place of his deceased colleague, but an unambitious statesman, far advanced in years, naturally became impatient of the internal divisions of the Cabinet, and of the affronts to which it was occasionally exposed in the Cortes. After the dissolution of the Union Ministry he tried to form a Conservative Government, which included Admiral TOPETE. The Progressists have perhaps a better chance of maintaining themselves in power; and if ZORRILLA's Ministry prospers, SERRANO will scarcely be jealous of his success, though he seems to resent for the moment the rupture of the coalition. He will probably not take an active part in future Parliamentary struggles; but his influence with the army may possibly be useful, if the period of mutinies and military plots should recur. There can be no doubt that ZORRILLA will to the utmost of his power maintain the supremacy of the Government, of the Cortes, and of the law.

ROYALTY IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN has this week been enlivened by the presence of three of the QUEEN's children and of that semi-regal person the Marquis of LORNE; and as Dublin is not in ordinary times a very lively place, it shows itself anxious to make the most of any liveliness that may be thrown in its way. The Royal guests have had every attention paid them, and no expense has been spared to make their visit a success. The visits of Royalty to Ireland appear, on the surface at least, to be very welcome, and it does not seem to make much difference to Irishmen who are the representatives of Royalty that come among them. They went half mad with delight in welcoming that great and good man GEORGE IV., and they were enthusiastic in their reception of the QUEEN soon after the rebellion of 1848. Now they are very well pleased to get among them the Prince of WALES and his brother and his sister and her young man. It is the peculiar privilege of Royalty to awaken this unreasoning perennial satisfaction, and it is because it can awaken it that Royalty is still a great power in the world. The loyal public expects very little from Royalty in return for its devotion, and it is this noble unselfishness that constitutes the true charm of loyalty to those who feel it most vividly. The PRINCE in his frank sociable way explained to the Irish whom he happened to address what a great bore he personally found his visit to be. He would not have come at all, he explained, only that he had consented to act as President of an Agricultural Association, and he would not go to Belfast because he was suddenly overcome by a wish to hurry off to the Princess of WALES in Germany. What had most tickled his fancy during his brief stay was that he had won a prize for sheep at the Irish show. He had never done such a thing

before, and it gave him unaffected and intelligible pleasure. But the Irish are supposed to be charmed with his visit, and knit by a new tie of gratitude to the throne of Queen VICTORIA. Sufficient consideration is perhaps scarcely bestowed by those who are inclined to criticize Royalty on the effect which the discovery that they possess such a magic influence must exercise on those who possess it. The Prince of WALES does exactly as he likes all the year round, excepting when he has to bore himself, and to show that he feels all the pain of the process, by going through a few public ceremonies. He has the best of all that earth has to give him, and partakes of it with uninterrupted delight. He follows all the fancies of purple youth. He goes to races, he hunts, he shoots his game. He aims at as many pigeons as he cares to think of killing. He becomes the master of every house at which he visits. He has never to make the effort of concealing any weariness he may naturally feel at cumbrous attempts to please and honour him. And yet he finds that every one loves and adores him wherever he goes, simply because he is the Heir Apparent to the Throne. It is not surprising that he accepts with unostentatious sincerity, though perhaps with some artless wonder, an arrangement of things that must be in every way so gratifying to him.

As this passionate regard for Royalty exists, it is quite right to think what political use can be made of it; and it is calculated, probably with justice, that the minds and political conduct of Irishmen might be very beneficially affected if Royalty in some shape or other took up its abode there. A people so fond of Royalty as the Irish are said to be cannot help regarding with pain the very small amount of Royal smiles that beam on them in comparison with the affluence of gracious favour that is showered on Scotland. By a remarkable piece of ill-luck it never occurred to the PRINCE CONSORT to wish to build anything in Ireland, so there is nothing for an Irish COLE to start with. The Irish have been left out in the cold, and now they urge that they have a right to warm themselves in the longed-for sun of Royalty. The mode of gratifying them now most in favour is that Prince ARTHUR should have a palace bought for him there, and should make Ireland his home. We do not see how the idea of increasing the strong affection of the Irish for the Royal Family could be better carried out. Prince ARTHUR is said by those who know him best to be a very good young man, industrious, and anxious to be unaffectedly courteous to every one. Families always exhibit different types, and this is a variety of the Royal Family that deserves to be encouraged; and in ordinary life a modest Prince who tried to make himself useful without seeming to mind it might produce a political effect better even than that produced by a more exalted Prince paying hurried and occasional visits against his will. The experiment of settling Prince ARTHUR in Ireland ought certainly to be tried. It would show the sincerity of the desire of the Royal Family to treat Ireland well. It would give a stimulus to Irish society and to the amusements of Irish society. It would do much to recall absentees to a remembrance of their duties. The only thing is that too much ought not to be expected from it. The Irish would at first be as pleased as children with their new toy; but then, in time, children are apt to get tired of new toys. The Irish would be very apt, we should imagine from past experience, to expect the Prince to do things for them that he could not do. They would look to him to get off every Fenian that was arrested, and would invite him to preside at every farewell dinner given to exiled rebels. When they discovered that in every political matter he simply obeyed the instructions of the Government of the day, as he must do if the Government is to govern in Ireland, the Irish would perhaps begin to harbour the thought that the presence of Royalty among them did not do them much good; and then the vague sentiment of attachment to the throne of England in spite of antagonism to the English Parliament and nation, which is now stated to exist in Ireland, might die away with alarming rapidity. History unfortunately is full of examples showing the consequences of the disappointment which follows on the discovery by an ignorant and sanguine people that fettered and straitened Royalty cannot do a tithe of what at the outset it was expected to do.

The aid of Royalty ought to be seriously invoked in the great attempt of England to pacify Ireland and make it contented. But the questions which chiefly call for settlement with regard to Ireland at present are too difficult and complex to be settled by any social contrivances. What the Irish, or at least the noisiest Irish, clamour for is denominational education and Home Rule. They cannot possibly have either in the shape in which they ask for it. England will never consent that new and exceptional arrangements should be

made for the exclusive benefit of the Ultramontane party. The same principles must prevail as to education in the three kingdoms, or we should be thrown back into the abyss of having to consult the whims of every shade of fanatics. But if within the limits of the principles universally established the Irish Catholics can invent any scheme peculiarly palatable to themselves, they will be entitled to ask that they may be allowed to carry it out. The impression produced by reading Mr. GLADSTONE's rambling and obscure speech on Mr. FAWCETT's Bill is that the Irish Catholics have some scheme of which Mr. GLADSTONE is inclined to approve, but that neither they nor he dares to say what it is. This is a very unpromising state of things, and raises apprehensions which the welcome news that the Prince of WALES has been to Dublin and earned a prize for sheep cannot dispel. Home rule, in the sense in which the Irish ordinarily use it, is an impossibility. It would inevitably end in a military reconquest of Ireland, which would cause innumerable evils to England without benefiting Ireland in the least. The parallel which the Irish affect to draw between Ireland and Canada is an entirely false one. The Canadians are English in their feelings, habits, and wishes. They look upon us as their most trusted friends. If they wished to separate from us, we should have none but a sentimental objection, and should incur no political danger by letting them have their way. Ireland in the hands of Ultramontanes and Fenians would be bitterly opposed to us, and its independence or annexation to another country would expose us to such danger that in self-defence we should have to put an end to the cause of mischief. But there is a sense in which the cry for home rule is by no means to be disregarded. It is a considerable hardship on Ireland, as it is on Scotland, and even on England itself, that the Imperial Parliament will insist on doing a hundred things which it cannot do, and which it ought to be in the province of some administrative department to see done. The time must come before long when this will be so strongly felt that some remedy will be devised; and then Irishmen may expect, and they have a right to expect, that the general scheme of English government will admit of a great variety of points of interest to Irishmen being settled in Ireland, instead of being referred, not for settlement, but for continuous postponement, to London.

FRANCE.

AS no other intelligible explanation has been given of the resignation of M. JULES FAVRE, it must be supposed that the vote of the Assembly on the Papal question is the motive which he himself intends to assign for leaving office. The difference of opinion between M. FAVRE and the Chief of the Executive is so imperceptible that it is difficult to believe the avowed reason to be the real one. It is true that the petitions of the Bishops were referred to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in ordinary cases such a reference would be equivalent to a direction to deal with them in a sense favourable to their prayer. But in the present instance it was perfectly understood that no such meaning was to be attached to the vote. M. THIERS had warned the Assembly that the only part of the motion which he regarded as important consisted in the words which virtually left the Government free to act as they thought best; and when after this intimation the majority persisted in expressing their confidence in the prudence and patriotism of the Chief of the Executive, the most sensitive Minister might have felt satisfied with the amount of liberty accorded him. If the order of the day had been voted, M. FAVRE would have been free to do nothing. As it is, the petitions were referred to him on the understanding that he was still free to do nothing. The two motions express different shades of opinion, but their practical value is the same. If M. FAVRE had had no other motive for resigning office, he would probably have been more impressed with the substantial agreement than with the formal diversity.

The wonder, however, is not so much that M. FAVRE has resigned now, as that he has not resigned before. That he has remained in office all this time says more for the sincerity of his patriotism than for his regard for his own reputation. He has been a member of a Ministry in which he can have been little better than a cipher, and he has consented to play this modest part in opposition to the opinion of the party to which he has all his life belonged. The Cabinet presided over by M. THIERS occupies a constitutional position to which there is no exact parallel. The Chief of the Executive determines the policy of the Government with little more deference to his Ministers than was shown by NAPOLEON III. The action of the Cabinet is in

no sense the result of a composition of forces; it is the result of M. THIERS's individual determination. It is to him, not to his Ministers, that the Assembly has given its confidence, and this confidence seems to be accompanied by a philosophical indifference on the part of the Deputies to his choice of agents, and by a corresponding absence of responsibility on the part of the Ministers. M. THIERS's Cabinet is not a Coalition Cabinet in the ordinary sense of the term, although it includes representatives of more than one party in the Legislature. It is rather a Cabinet in the sense in which the term was understood by WILLIAM III.—a collection, that is, of Ministers, each of whom agrees with the Chief of the Executive as to matters lying within his own department, but is not asked for an opinion upon matters which lie outside it. That M. FAVRE should have been willing to hold office upon these terms may be taken as evidence of his faith in the genuineness of M. THIERS's Republicanism, and in the impossibility of keeping the Republic in being except with M. THIERS's co-operation. Now that parties are becoming consolidated, and a moderate Republican Opposition has made its appearance in the Chamber, M. FAVRE may naturally feel that he can do as much service to France by returning to the ranks of his friends as by going on in hopeless isolation from the men with whom his political life has been passed. That he will in future confer much strength either on a Government or on an Opposition is not likely. He seems rather destined to add another to the long list of names which show that neither oratorical power nor Parliamentary success is a guarantee for practical statesmanship. If he had died a year ago he would have borne the highest rank among the members of the Liberal Opposition under the Second Empire; but the Revolution of the 4th of September has been fatal to the reputation of every one concerned in it, with the single exception of M. GAMBETTA.

It may seem strange that under these circumstances M. THIERS should have been anxious to retain M. FAVRE as a colleague. But the nature of his position supplies an adequate, if not an obvious, explanation of the apparent inconsistency. M. THIERS is striving to organize a Republic through the medium of a Chamber made up of a minority which wants a Republic of another kind, and a majority which does not want a Republic at all. He would find it far more difficult to achieve this object if the instruments with which he works were exclusively taken from the majority than if they were largely taken from the minority. A Republican who is willing to act with M. THIERS must be a man who knows that the only chance of staving off a Restoration is to enlist the active goodwill, or at all events the passive acquiescence, of the Conservative party in the Assembly on the side of the *de facto* Government. Holding this view, he will be willing to make the largest possible concessions to the majority, and to invest Republican institutions with the most Conservative character they can be made to wear. This is just the temper of mind which leads a man to acquiesce in M. THIERS's supremacy, because he knows that, if any politician can make a Republic palatable to French Conservatives, it is the present Chief of the Executive. In the case of M. FAVRE such acquiescence involved no sacrifice of conviction, inasmuch as his very presence in the Ministry was an admission that a Republic could only be had upon certain hard conditions, and that M. THIERS was the best judge what those conditions must be. The fact that he had made this admission separated the Minister from the minority with which he was otherwise in sympathy, while his desire to see the Republic established marked him off from the majority whose confidence he technically enjoyed. The political isolation in which he lived was precisely the atmosphere with which M. THIERS likes to see his colleagues surrounded. It secures their independence of any influence other than his. If he were reduced to take his Ministers from the majority in the Assembly, he would have no assurance that they might not cherish designs of their own, and in time accustom the majority to the idea of doing without M. THIERS. A Coalition Ministry, in which the leader of the Government represents the smallest of the parties which compose it, is more in danger than any other of breaking up through internal divisions. Men who know that if they quarrel with their chief they are sure of the support of the Legislature are not likely to make obedient subordinates.

A more important resignation than that of M. FAVRE has apparently been lately in the air. On the third reading of the Decentralization Bill, the second article, which creates a Departmental Commission, was opposed by the Government; and on its being carried by a majority of 218, M. THIERS announced in the lobby that he would not consent to hold

office any longer in the face of the factious opposition constantly shown towards him by the Right. It is not easy to appreciate the true significance of this schism between the Assembly and the Chief of the Executive. But, whatever it may have meant, the breach which on Tuesday seemed inevitable had been somehow patched up by Thursday. M. THIERS, believing apparently that age necessarily brings wisdom with it, accepts the Departmental Commission on condition that it has for its chairman the senior member, not a member elected by the Commission itself. Probably he has received assurances of substantial submission which have induced him to rest content with a very small victory in point of form. The majority may have been led to give such assurances the more readily by observing the results of the Municipal Elections in Paris. The character of the Municipal Council, so far as it is yet known, must satisfy the Conservatives in the Assembly that Paris is still an element of danger in France, and that the Party of Order in the city is still utterly untrustworthy as regards either the will or the power to help itself. The circumstances under which the elections have been held were unusually disadvantageous to the extreme Republicans. Their candidates have in most cases been more or less identified with the Commune, and so have forfeited the chance of being supported on local grounds by voters belonging to other political parties, while many of their natural supporters have been led to abstain from voting by a prudent disinclination to bring their existence under the notice of the police. All that the Conservatives had to do, therefore, was to poll their entire strength. At other times they might have done this and the elections might still have gone against them. But in this case a little activity would have ensured success. The explanation of their supineness given by their friends seems hardly to account for the fact. It is true, no doubt, that the French are wholly unaccustomed to elections which do not involve political issues. But though the recent contest in Paris has been municipal in name, it has been well known to be political in reality. No one can predict what precise part the Municipal Council of Paris will play in French history. All that can be certainly said is that it will give organized expression to the will of a community which has heretofore found means, even without such expression, to make that will a formidable agent in every French revolution. If the Conservatives of Paris will not go to the poll when the city is garrisoned by the troops which have delivered them from the Commune, and when the question to be decided is the complexion of the Council which is in a measure to replace the Commune, it is hard to believe that they will show more alacrity when the risk of action is greater or the need for action less. If the Assembly is to continue to rule Paris, it must be by means of a strong central Government which will derive little aid from the co-operation of any section of the Parisians. Such a prospect as this will hardly dispose the majority to try the experiment of displacing M. THIERS.

MR. CARDWELL AND THE AUTUMN CAMP.

THERE was no exaggeration in Colonel LOYD LINDSAY'S statement that the question of the abandonment of the Berkshire manœuvres went to the very existence of the army. It is obvious that an army which cannot feed and move a corps of 30,000 men for a fortnight is not for any practical purpose an army at all, even though its component regiments may be, as no doubt they are, ready to fight all comers, and may cost, as they do cost, about 100,000*l.* a year each. But the incident has another aspect, which some may think even graver than the military disorganization which the failure of the project implies. It was said in a more terrible crisis some years ago that Parliamentary government was on its trial, and, though it survived, we are not sure that it came out of the furnace much the better for the ordeal. The miserable collapse of the boasted scheme for amalgamating the various branches of our defensive forces is not perhaps enough to shake our trust in Parliamentary government, but it would be an entire misconception of the situation to be blind to the serious charges on which the War Office and its chief have to stand their trial, and which, at present at any rate, remain unrefuted. It is no mere wrangle whether the manœuvres shall be useful exercises or useless parade, important as that might be. Colonel LOYD LINDSAY did not hesitate to state what every one who knows anything about the subject knows to be the real reason why the proposed manœuvres have been abandoned. "The fact was the Control Depart-

ment had collapsed." Considering that this statement followed very closely upon Mr. CARDWELL'S assertion that the anticipated lateness of the harvest was the sole cause of the change of plan, it may be inferred that the gallant Colonel placed very little reliance upon the Minister's accuracy, even when expounding his own motives for his own acts. But, to remove all possible doubt on this point, the Colonel wound up his crushing attack by complaining of the rotten system of placing ignorant civilians at the head of the army, adding, as a pertinent illustration of his view, that Mr. CARDWELL, "without knowing it, stated in that House what "was not true."

A soldier like Colonel LOYD LINDSAY cannot but understand the full responsibility of bringing accusations of this kind against the administrators of the army, and we may be quite sure that he would not lightly have used the words he did, and that he could only have been induced to do so by the strong conviction—first, that the Berkshire operations were abandoned simply and solely because the Control system had collapsed; secondly, that the excuse put forward of the lateness of the season was an example of Mr. CARDWELL'S habit of, "without knowing it, stating in that House what "was not true."

A day later the same subject was discussed in the House of Lords, and, after twenty-four hours' deliberation, the same serious charges were repeated. The Marquis of HERTFORD, after observing that in the general opinion of soldiers there was no transport for more than some five thousand men, referred to an answer of Mr. CARDWELL, and said, a little bluntly perhaps, that he "could not believe that "the lateness of the harvest was the genuine reason for the "abandonment of the camp in Berkshire, and suspected that "the sole cause was the collapse of the Control Department." Lord OVERSTONE, in discussing the same excuse with a shade more of reserve, must have meant nearly the same thing when he said, "At the bottom of all this there must be some secret "which the authorities did not like to disclose."

While the accusers in the Upper House repeated thus resolutely the charges first brought in another place, Lord NORTHBROOK, as in official duty bound, did his best to repeat the defence of his chief, though not without some qualifying observations which showed a slight lack of implicit faith in the recesses of his own mind. Still, with infinite courage, he described the catastrophe by saying that "an accident occurred "which was fatal to the scheme, and that accident was simply "this—the extremely late harvest of the year." Both Lord GRANVILLE and Lord NORTHBROOK, however, distinctly appreciated the gravity of the accusations against the Government, and suggested a Committee of Inquiry if the accuracy of the official excuses was impugned.

If Mr. CARDWELL thinks he can improve his position by further inquiry, he is undoubtedly entitled to ask the public to suspend their judgment pending investigation. But at present he stands under grave accusations, both official and personal, which he has failed to answer. Not this time by anonymous critics, but by peers and members of Parliament, he is charged in substance, in the first place, with having so conducted his department that the whole machinery of army supply and transport has collapsed, and in the second place with having sheltered himself under an excuse which cannot be believed to be genuine. We are disposed to think Lord GRANVILLE'S view was right, and that in his own vindication Mr. CARDWELL can scarcely do less than demand a formal inquiry. Lord NORTHBROOK'S position is less difficult than that of Mr. CARDWELL, for, in spite of what he said about the "fatal accident" of the late harvest, he managed to make it clear that it amounted to no more than this, that if the operations began before the harvest was over, the cost of hiring horses would be a little increased, and that if, to avoid this expense, the manœuvres were postponed a week later, the wind might blow, or perhaps it might rain, and the men might be rather uncomfortable in tents. We do not know whether Mr. CARDWELL has ascertained that the fine weather will last to the end of the term originally proposed for the encampment, and break up the day after, but we think the experience of English sportsmen would not point to a very exceptional amount of rainfall at the end of September. The weather could scarcely in any case be worse than the drenching storms of the first week of the Wimbledon encampment, which the Volunteers nevertheless survived with even less than the average recourse to the medical authorities. But then they were only Volunteers. It is nonsense in England at any time of year to send men under canvas who cannot stand the spell of bad weather which is always possible, and the fortnight after harvest,

whether the corn be got in early or late, is by no means an unpropitious season for the purpose. The real meaning of this strange dread of rain may perhaps be gathered from a modest and approximately grammatical sentence in the Report of the Quartermaster-General and the Inspector-General of Fortifications:—"We would here observe, that should the autumn be wet the encampment of troops on these lands would be objectionable, and likely to be inconvenient to the necessary traffic." We think we may take a trifling liberty with the parts of speech, and assume the meaning of this to be that the "wet weather," and not the "encampment," would be inconvenient to the traffic. In other words, these evidently well-informed officers, who know exactly how late the harvest will be without asking the farmers' committee about it, see quite distinctly that Sir HENRY STORKS's transport service is a fair-weather organization, which may be expected to break down the instant the roads get heavy. This consideration, if it is to be taken into account at all, is a particularly strong reason for trying the experiment when wet weather may be looked for. In the interests of Sir HENRY STORKS and the Control Department, no less than in those of the country, we are very anxious that their first breakdown should occur, not in actual warfare, but in tentative manœuvres. If the weak spot of the system is disclosed, it may perhaps admit of being patched; and if not, the whole Controllery might in that case be cast aside to make way for something better. A great lesson would thus be learned, and without any serious mischief. We all know very well that even if the Control Department came to grief in the middle of the terrible fortnight which its officers are asked to undergo, the men in camp would not be in much danger of starving. A telegram to PICKFORD's would put the transport in working order in a day, and the Commissariat might be left in perfect confidence to any one of a number of experienced firms. It would be humiliating, perhaps, to see Messrs. PICKFORD and SPIERS and POND installed in office and doing effectual work, *vice* the Control Department collapsed; but even if something like this did happen, we are not sure that the lesson might not be utilized in future arrangements. It may be, too, that the dread of such exposure would so far stimulate the Supply Services as to produce more successful work than any one expects from them; and, if so, there would be the greater reason for congratulating the country on an experiment which had not only tested but improved its shakiest branch of military organization. The question, however, whether our army can move or not must not be left in uncertainty. And putting 30,000 men in tents and moving them by dribbles of three or four thousand at a time is not producing a mobilized force of 30,000. The late discussions have made it absolutely essential to revert to the original programme. The Control Department having been charged with incapacity to organize the needful transport and supply for 30,000 men at one and the same time, it is of vital importance that their powers should be tested.

Now that Mr. CARDWELL has learned that a little more expense, or possibly a little more rain, is all the difficulty which a late harvest can occasion, it concerns him to show that his first misstatement was not wilful by frankly acknowledging his mistake, and retracing his steps. If he declines to do this, he can scarcely retain his office without meeting the charges of incompetence, and worse than incompetence, under which he will rest.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S GRANT.

THE grant to Prince ARTHUR was carried with only a faint show of opposition, and in the opposition to it there was little sincerity and no enthusiasm. All that Mr. TAYLOR and Mr. DIXON wanted was the fact that there was a Parliamentary opposition, and this for its hustings value and as a perennial topic of agitation. Thirteen members of the Lower House were all that could be mustered against the principle of the grant; for to admit, as Mr. DIXON did, that there ought to be a grant, but that it should be cut down one-third, was a mere bit of shuffling which even a Birmingham button-maker would despise. Mr. DIXON defended the vote of a grant to Princess LOUISE, and he votes against the proposed grant to the Prince because he had received letters from some of his constituents withdrawing, or threatening to withdraw, their future confidence. So, to make all things pleasant, Mr. DIXON votes against his conscience and himself to please his constituents, but declines after all to vote as those constituents want him to vote. Mr. TAYLOR, to do him justice, was not only consistent in

objecting to the grant altogether, but deserves credit for an ingenious argument against any public provision for young Royalties. Repeal, he says, the Royal Marriage Act, and—so he must have meant us to infer—the Princes and Princesses will have their value in the marriage market. Their high titles and Royal blood will always secure most eligible alliances for them. Dowries and settlements will always be forthcoming from millionaires for Prince husbands for the daughters, and Princess wives for the sons, of successful millocrats and railway contractors; and if on coming of age the Princes and Princesses were put up to auction, as at a periodical sale of Royal yearlings, the country would be relieved from the necessity of these recurring appeals.

It is almost as easy to dispose of the arguments which affect to be serious against these grants. First, it is said that the Sovereign ought, as many of the great lords and squires do, save out of income a provision for younger children. The Crown might of course, and perhaps does, go to the Life Insurance Offices and the Share Market, but this means rigid personal and public economy. To save out of income means to retrench expenditure; and this is not what the country wants of the Head of the State. An ungrudging income is secured to the Sovereign, in order that the Sovereign may be noble and sumptuous in expenditure. The savings of the Crown are never looked at with much complacency. The people, we believe, feel far more interest in the State coach and the cream-coloured horses, and the Royal State visits and processions to Parliament and public places, than in the fact that Balmoral and Osborne were paid for out of the Royal income—that is, out of Royal savings. Half the unpopularity of LOUIS PHILIPPE arose out of the fact, real or assumed, that he saved what he could out of the Royal parks and kitchen-gardens; and the very first and vulgar surmise at the overthrow of the late French Emperor was that LOUIS NAPOLEON had "invested largely in the English Funds." The murmur among ourselves at this moment is, not that the public provision for the Crown is too much for maintaining its splendour and dignity, but that the public splendour and dignity are not maintained. This regret was expressed with good taste and good feeling by Colonel BARTELOT on Thursday evening. Mr. DIXON, in a curious outbreak of inconvenient candour, made an observation which is not reported in the *Times*, which, as they say, lets the cat out of the bag. Speaking as the representative of what he thinks to be the growing Republican feeling, he is not anxious "that the QUEEN should resume the 'social duties of the Crown,'" and he adds, "politically speaking, no disadvantage had resulted from the present 'retirement of the Crown.'" But politically speaking with Mr. DIXON means speaking on the Republican platform; and we quite agree with him that for Republican objects nothing can answer better than the QUEEN's retirement. What it comes to is this—if the QUEEN is seldom seen, if the Sovereign does not maintain a Court, is not in her place at the head of society, does not patronize art or literature or science—except as connected with one solitary abiding memory—does not collect books, pictures, antiquities, works of art, or spend an income on those multitudinous matters of duty and refinement and popular advancement on which so many large gifts are lavished by private persons out of private means, then of course Republicans will be more than ever justified in asking why this large income is given to the Crown. If the Corinthian capital of society is always boarded up, why should it have been so lavishly carved? If the palace windows are always papered, what is the use of palaces? If Windsor and Buckingham Palace cannot receive Emperors and Crown Princes and Royal and Imperial guests, what is the *raison d'être* of Windsor and Buckingham Palace? This is what Mr. DIXON wants his "working classes" to feel and to say; and the more justification they can get for this feeling and these sayings by the Crown remaining in retreat, so much the better for the Republican against the Kingly sentiment:—

. . . pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse repelli.

The other argument thrown out, rather for its sound than its sense, is that it is a poor compliment to the Royal Princes to suppose them, with their education and advantages, incapable of earning their own living, and that a very handsome living. This is sheer nonsense. In the race of life and competition a Prince is overweighted for the course. He cannot, without encountering all sorts of most reasonable objections, earn more than his rank and pay in the naval or military services. It was, it is said, intended that, had HENRY VII.'s son, Prince ARTHUR, lived, his younger brother, Prince HENRY (HENRY VIII.), was to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. History

tells us of Royal bishops and cardinals; with what advantages to themselves, the Church, or the State, history also tells. It cannot seriously be meant that Princes are to become barristers, or physicians, or financiers, or Treasury clerks; and for successful trade capital is required; and though, we believe, German princes affiliate themselves to some nominal trade, as the Jews of old did, a Royal coal-merchant or wine-merchant—but it is useless to pursue such nonsense. The smallest counter-jumper stands a better chance of making his fortune or supporting himself than a Royal Highness.

The substance of the whole matter is this. As long as we have a constitutional sovereignty, so long will the present arrangements last, and so long they ought to last. By assigning a public income to the younger branches of the Royal family we exact some guarantee from these great personages that they will, as the old-fashioned book has it, at least try to do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them. Had young Princes only to live on such provision as their parents could save for them—a provision perhaps precarious and uncertain—they would feel that they had duties to the commonwealth only such as those recognised or neglected by ordinary Lord Johns or Lord Thomases. As it is, the multiplication of needy younger sons of noble houses is a social evil, but it is one which would be much aggravated by the existence of a flock of needy scions of the Royal Family. And not only does the State gain by making Princes in a sense public pensioners, but those Princes themselves are benefited by the relations at present established between them and the public. And the cause of constitutional monarchy is also benefited. The two things act and react on each other. Monarchy will survive as long as Princes and Kings do their duty. It is much, therefore, to give them duty to do and encouragement to engage in duty. Active Princes will help to maintain the English State as it is, and as long as the English State is as it is, Princes who do their duty to that State will be maintained and supported, not for their own sakes only, but for the general benefit of the body politic. And in another and important sense it is proved beyond the possibility of all cavil that, for all parties concerned, for the Crown and people, the present disposition of the Civil List cannot be improved upon, and is on the whole the most economical. The QUEEN, Parliament, and the country benefit alike by it. To reopen a settlement of the Civil List from time to time would not only be to violate a moral obligation, but to engender unprofitable heart-burning. As things are, the present arrangement has been unusually successful; the present Sovereign has never made any application to the country for additional means, either permanent or occasional. When the wealth and social advance of the country are taken into consideration, the grants made to Royal personages are not only not extravagant, but rather parsimonious of the two. Indeed the same, or something like it, may be said of all official incomes. Ministers, as was made pretty clear during the present Session, are very badly paid. Almost all branches of the public service are pinched; the Government officers, those of the British Museum, and of almost all public institutions, judicial and other functionaries, earn less under Government than they would in private employment. They are treated neither with confidence nor liberality. Judges generally make a fortune before they climb the Bench; but, relatively to their position, they are but shabbily dealt with. Bishops and Deans, with their 5,000*l.* or 1,000*l.* a year, are, remembering what they must do, among the poorest of the poor. The Heir Apparent must spend more than his income; and as to the younger Princes, the provision made for them is, reversing Mr. DISRAELI's phrase, not so much generous as just.

SIR W. THOMSON AT EDINBURGH.

A MORE earnest tone and a stricter devotion to the work of real science have within the last few years been conspicuous in the meetings of the British Association. This change for the better is exemplified by, if it does not in a great measure proceed from, the recent choice of the Presidents of the meetings. The graceful presence of amateurs or patrons of lordly rank or influence in society or the State has given way to that of real leaders in the path of scientific toil, the aristocracy of thought, philosophy, and genuine conquest over nature. The annual addresses at the opening of the proceedings have come to be looked forward to as substantial contributions to the knowledge of physics, whether summaries sketched by a master of the general gains to our wealth of discovery, or the elaboration of some specific branch of scientific theory in which the speaker was most especially at home. What was perhaps to be feared from thus setting, it might be, the presiding savant of the year upon the hobby of his choice was the giving too much rein to a narrow specialism,

the draining the interest of the Association into some single channel, or the soaring into some atmosphere of thought in which ordinary intellects might wholly fail to breathe. This danger has, it must be allowed, been successfully averted by the catholic spirit and broad grasp of nature of which the Presidents of late years have shown themselves capable. On the present occasion there may have been some to whom the name of the President is so prominently known by his transcendent eminence in one important department of science as to prepare them for little more than an exposition of the theory or details of dry mathematical physics. Those indeed who better knew the powers of Sir William Thomson would feel a security in the wide reach of his range of study, as well as in the depth of his hold of scientific principles. The joint author with Professor Tait of the work which, since the publication of the *Principia*, has done the most to refer the ascertained truths of nature to positive and ultimate principles, and thus to mark a fixed datum point for our knowledge of physics, would be the last man to dazzle his hearers with some merely clever or original paradox, still less to ventilate some crude or ingenious crotchet. We listen to him with the assurance due to one who has in a mathematical training the true and indispensable clue to the final secrets of physics. All nature is ultimately rooted and grounded in number and figure. And in the absence of those powers of perception and analysis which are developed in geometry and the higher algebra, the keenest and most accurate experimentalist feels himself at no time treading upon ground of sure and demonstrable solidity. We have the testimony of Faraday among our recent most successful workers in the laboratory of nature to the sense of deficiency hence arising. And no one can have studied Sir W. Thomson's speculations in science, or listened to his luminous exposition of philosophical progress at Edinburgh on Wednesday evening, without being conscious of the mastery which the mathematical thinker wields over what were otherwise but a tentative or empirical congeries of phenomena, and shows, in what seems the action of fortuitous or isolated forces, the necessary evolution of primary law.

His remarks upon the recent advances of science which seemed to him most notable fell on the whole into two lines of thought. Before passing to the region of the future, in which hypothesis has played as yet an imaginative part, and which may lie somewhat beyond the sphere of his immediate studies, Sir William spoke with a master's authority of what had been done towards fixing definite mathematical standards as a basis of calculation. To a non-scientific imagination, he remarked, accurate and minute measurement seems a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new in nature. Yet what have been the grandest discoveries in science but the reward of accurate measurement and patient unremitting labour in the minute sifting of numerical results? It was by no flash of brilliant imagination, as in the silly story of the apple, that Newton's mightiest discovery was made; it was by a long train of mathematical calculation, founded on results accumulated through prodigious toil by practical astronomers, that he first demonstrated the cosmical forces which urge the planets in their course, and determined the magnitude and direction of those forces. A force following the same law of variation with the inverse square of the distance, urges the moon, he saw, towards the earth. But when he came to compare the magnitude of the force on the moon with the theoretic force of gravitation on a heavy body of equal mass at the earth's surface, a discrepancy was apparent, which led him to keep back his discovery for years. Not till a paper of Picard's before the Royal Society upon geodesic measurements pointed out to his mind a serious error in the preconceived estimate of the earth's radius, did he feel sure of the result. On going home to resume his calculations, he felt so agitated that he handed over the arithmetical work to a friend. The sequel was the verification of the law in the instance of the moon's orbit. It would be endless to go through the cases in which the determination of a numerical law gives the interpretation and embodies the significance of empirical facts of observation. What is the molecular or atomic theory, in its only positive and determinate form at least, in which we take Sir W. Thomson to stand by and uphold it, but the principle of definite proportion, in which all the elements of matter, however variously constituted or combined, are met with in nature? In branches of science the least likely in the first instance, the same principle of submission to number is found to prevail, and in its determination lies the work of the scientific analyst. It will prove even the key to the secret unity between trains of experiment or agencies in nature at first sight the most divergent.

In the law of chronometric vibration, established long since as a common measure between the forces of heat, light, and electricity, Sir W. Thomson hints at a possible solvent of such mysteries in science as chemical affinity, and the difference of quality in various chemical agents, as well as the means of looking into the inner mechanism of the material molecule itself. He has sought as clear and convincing an illustration in Faraday's discovery of specific inductive capacity, with the whole of the new philosophy in its train, the result of minute and accurate measurement of electric forces. Joule's establishment of the thermo-dynamic law through the whole breadth of electro-chemistry, electro-magnetism, and elasticity of gases, was based upon a delicacy of thermometry which seemed simply impossible to some of the most distinguished chemists of the day, but which is itself the result and the crown of mathematical preciseness extended without

limit. The discovery by Andrews of the continuity between the gaseous and liquid states was worked out by many years of laborious and minute measurements of phenomena scarcely sensible to the unassisted eye. Nor was exact science attainable in terrestrial magnetism until the invention by Gauss of methods for finding the magnetic intensity in absolute measure. The same lesson is taught by the wonderful progress of spectrum analysis; the unflagging toil of Kirchhoff and Angström issuing in the establishment of standards, in their large-scale and highly defined maps of the spectrum lines, for the reference of all workers in that important field. The investigations of Lockyer and Frankland into the effects of varied pressure on the light of incandescent gas—the bright sharp lines or bars across the spectrum when the gas is highly attenuated, broadening out into nebulous bands as the density is increased, and ultimately lost in the continuous spectrum when the fluid is so condensed as to be no longer gaseous—point to a scale of linear measurement whereby the most intricate properties of matter involved in the constitution of the sun and the nature of solar heat may be brought to a visible test. In the kinetic theory of gases shadowed out by Lucretius, definitely stated by Daniel Bernoulli, largely developed by Herapath, made a reality by Joule, and worked out to its present state by Clausius and Maxwell, the greatest achievement yet secured in the molecular theory of physics, we see the first outline of a chart in which all the physical properties of matter will be shown in geometrical diagrams in dynamical relation to the whole.

His outline of the more problematical or prospective gains to physical knowledge, which may seem to some the more attractive or valuable feature, forms in our view a secondary aspect of Sir W. Thomson's address. He here yields overmuch to that tendency, encouraged of late years in the same chair of authority, which would exalt the imagination into undue prominence as a factor in scientific truth. The old nebular hypothesis has, it is true, passed away in the light shed upon solar physics by the triumphs of the spectroscopic. The magic instrument may not only have given us stellar and solar chemistry, but may be yielding us the beginnings of "solar physiology." It has certainly strikingly combined with cosmic astronomy to explode the hypothesis of the sun's heat being kept up by the shock of meteors falling upon its surface. Still it requires caution, writing or speaking among the wrecks of systems no less confidently held in their day, to put it forth as "demonstrated" by spectrum analysis that the head of a comet consists of a mass or group of meteoric stones circulating round the sun, made self-luminous by friction and impact, the tail consisting simply of a less dense aggregation of such aerial fragments, illuminated by a ray from the sun, and visible or invisible to us according to circumstances not only of density, degree of illumination and nearness, but also of "tactic arrangement, as of a flock of birds, or the edge of a cloud of tobacco smoke." How can we account for the occasional phenomenon of a luminous tail turned towards the sun, or, if we are to credit the diagrams of observers, at a high angle to the line between the nucleus and the sun? If the aggregate mass of meteoric bodies has anything like the specific gravity due to so much solid matter, why is the deflection of them by planets and other bodies in space not the subject of vastly more definite observation and measure? We suspect that we have more to hear of the "thoroughly established" view that our annual meteoric shower is caused by our passing through the tail of Tempel's comet. Upon the problem of solar incandescence Sir William does not show himself so confident, though he shakes himself clear of Mayer's theory of gravitating or impinging bodies, as well as from Helmholtz's idea of mutual gravitation between its parts, generating by perpetual shrinkage a degree of heat which it may keep up for millions of years in store. He is far from clear in his present impression that "the principal source, perhaps the sole appreciable effective source, of sun-heat is in bodies circulating round the sun at present inside the earth's orbit," the sun itself being most probably merely an incandescent mass cooling. Science may be bound "by the everlasting law of honour to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it." But science is by no means bound to have ready a solution for all and every problem and mystery that the face of nature presents to it. A highly characteristic fruit of so chivalric a disposition is to be seen in Sir W. Thomson's summary disposal of the difficulty of spontaneous generation. That dead matter cannot become living matter without coming under the influence of matter previously alive seems to him as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. Yet, tracing the physical history of the earth backwards on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe, whereon no life could subsist. How, then, could or did life originate upon the earth? His suggestion is that meteoric stones, fragments from planetary masses more advanced in organization, and broken up by impact or internal convulsions, were the means of bringing to the earth their freight of living organisms, the germs of vegetable and animal growths, just as a volcanic island gets peopled with living forms by seeds borne to it by drift or through the air. Sir William speaks for all men of science as "confidently believing" that, as there are at present and have been from time immemorial many worlds of life besides our own, so there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space, the *débris* of inhabited worlds, jostling each other in æther, as ships steered without intelligence must inevitably from time to time collide upon the American passage. It is a pity that, so far as we know, among the thousands

of meteoric visitants which now crowd our museums, not a trace of organic life has ever been detected, while the fused state in which they arrive coincides with the theoretical view that the velocity of passage through the earth's atmosphere, if not the primary heat of disintegration from larger masses, must prove fatal to all known germs of vitality. Nothing, we believe, ever came of Baron Reichenbach's calculation of the chemical effects due to the mica scales and dust which he collected with so much industry as the *débris* of foreign masses powdering the earth. And we are scarcely doubtful of the reception which this bold and startling hypothesis will find at the hands of the cooler or more cautious cultivators of biological science. Put forth as a peacemaker between the rival theorists of biogenesis and abiogenesis, it can at best act but as a truce. What does it but put backward a step the eternal problem of the absolute evolution of life out of non-living matter? If not our planet, yet some member of the solar system must be honoured as the cradle of infant life within the sun's all-originating sway. The quietus will hardly be given by it, as Sir William seems to expect, to the Darwinian idea of evolution, though we cordially unite with him in the recognition of intelligent and benevolent design where it has been the tendency of modern speculation to overlook or deny the force of proofs such as Paley made the basis of his "excellent old book." Our own voice will always be for caution and moderation under the seductions which new truth ever holds out. The ablest men of science are not beyond the warning not to be wise above that which is writ in proof, and there is a hesitancy or reticence which is at times the proudest or most dignified resource of learning. "What is the use," asked the French lady, "of being an Academician, if you can't say what comets are made of?" "It is, madame," was the reply of the distinguished man of science addressed, "that I may be able to say I do not know."

COMPLAISANCE.

THERE is an old-fashioned virtue which often strikes us as very little in favour with the good people of our time, probably because they do not recognise it as a virtue at all; and, indeed, it does its work with such a bright face and easy air that among the strenuous, austere brotherhood of duties and merits it may well pass for something else—as a mean and worldly conformity, perhaps. We have named it Complaisance. In fact, we doubt if anybody gives it its proper rank until he misses and feels the want of it. Even the old writers, who had much more pronounced ideas on the duty of being pleasant than people have nowadays, hesitate to place it among the moral virtues. True, it renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, an inferior acceptable. It sweetens conversation; it produces good nature and mutual benevolence; "it encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanizes the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages"; and yet because it never makes itself disagreeable or unwelcome there is a doubt whether to call it a virtue simple or only a social virtue—that is, a charm, a grace, a fine manner, a performance for the actor's sake. Yet genuine complaisance, as the effusion of a benevolent nature, rendering the sacrifice of personal inclination and ease a slight, unthought-of thing when set against the general satisfaction, is surely worthy of some considerable estimation even on the score of self-denial. It is to be tested and distinguished from its counterpart, or counterfeit, politeness, by its universality and disinterestedness. It was said of Sydney Smith—an example of this virtue—that people could never be too obscure for him to put them in good humour with themselves. True complaisance never sleeps where there is anybody to please or to make more comfortable. Politeness, society's method of making things run smooth, is concerned with ranks and degrees; complaisance is a more intimate quality—an impulse to seek points of agreement with others; it is the spirit of welcome, whether to strangers, or to new suggestions, untried pleasures, fresh impressions. It is a belief in the reciprocal services which men, as members of society, can confer on each other—a willingness to confer and to receive; it is toleration, accessibility, and expectation. In fact, it is charity in its social aspect, as concerned with the minor satisfactions and perplexities of life.

Conscience is rarely a sleepless influence. When we see a notoriously good man, a saint or a philanthropist, bearish or sullen in company, and his neighbour, far below him in this sort of reputation, smoothing over his asperities, and making things pleasant in spite of him, it does not do to set down the difference to stricter principle or to temperament. It is simply that conscience and duty are at work in the amiable man, and slumbering in the bear. One is pleasing himself, the other is exerting himself for the wellbeing and content of others. People intent on the lasting happiness of mankind are often culpably inconsistent in their indifference to the happiness of the hour, where this depends on some sacrifice of their own tastes. If happiness is a good, it ought to be an object to bestow it for short periods as well as long ones. If it is our duty to make enormous efforts for the good of mankind in the aggregate, it should be our aim to dispense happiness in drops and dribbles to the ones and twos and threes with whom we come more immediately in contact. And these are the achievements of complaisance. There are those who can feel for transient uneasinesses affecting an hour merely, not a lifetime or an eternity—who are sensitive towards others' disappointments in little things, who are solicitous that expectation shall be fulfilled, that where enjoyment is promised there shall be no failure, who

are pitiful towards lesser annoyances and lavish of expedients to meet them. Although, however, complaisance is always putting a good face on its endeavours, yet this modest virtue demands its sacrifices. Unquestionably the complaisant man loses in reputation for fastidious taste and refinement. He has no choice but to give up the credit for exquisite perception rather than put another in an awkward predicament or under a sense of inferiority. The critical spirit is in strong antagonism to complaisance. If you would welcome what is new and untried, you must lull the questioning faculty and take things for a while on trust. Thus the complaisant temper is apt to make the best of new people, their pursuits, accomplishments, manners, and so on. A cynical observer derides such prompt acceptance as the working of an indiscriminating fancy:—

Though she's no lady, you may think her such :
A strong imagination may do much.

But so long as this disposition affects only the judgment we pronounce on others, and leaves people simply lenient, we cannot regard it as a blemish. The best-mannered people are not ultra-fastidious, and because they are not, they are diffusers of grace and refinement. Men take for their models those who sympathize with them. Nobody does any good to his neighbour's heart or tastes or behaviour who is careless of pleasing him, and shows that he does not think him worth talking to.

No doubt complaisance is a much easier virtue to some people than to others. A strong will and strong opinions have a very imperious influence over the manner. They inspire a strong antagonism towards strangers. People with decided views are apt to assume a monopoly of them, and to set down others as the slaves of convenience or circumstance—a mood much opposed to that sacrifice to the graces which is the superficial rendering of the quality of which we are speaking. They see a sort of hypocrisy in being civil, and in yielding to persons who, more likely than not, have the loosest notions on matters which you feel to be all-important. Let them first set themselves right in these fundamentals, and you will then be ready to take them to your heart of hearts. In the meanwhile they live on the north side of your regard. A little silence or constraint, or a few downright contradictions on trifling matters, are only so many demonstrations of sincerity or homage to your own impregnable principles. Nor is it only on questions of principle that non-complaisance hugs itself in sulky exclusion; mere tastes can be to the full as unsociable, in as direct contrast to the old rule that a man should always go with a predisposition to take the turn of the company he is going into, with a mind open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own. Strong wills of the order we mean are the most capable of any of sacrifice and effort in what they hold to be the work of life, but relaxation is another matter. Their notion of pleasure is still self-assertion of some kind; the impulse which complaisance feels where the comfort of others is at stake is not recognised by them; if they are to be interested or amused, it must be by conformity to their standard. Mr. Dixon has a theory that good manners, by which he means especially complaisance, are incompatible with the strength of character that carries everything its own way. Manners, he says, decline in regular order from East to West. The further East you go, the greater suavity characterizes the people; the further West, the more regardless you find men of the feelings of others. In Europe, he says, he found the best manners in Constantinople, the worst in London; in the whole world, the best at Cairo, the worst at Denver and Salt Lake. If ever he penetrates to San Francisco he looks for something without a parallel in his experience. But then he finds ill-mannered communities prosperous. They may be said to have made a very good market of their manners, having got in return for them houses, votes, schools, wages; they have risen in society; they have ceased to be servants. If we must take all this for truth, it only proves what we have said, that complaisance involves many sacrifices.

Yet, however much a brusque incivility may be conducive to national advancement, a marked want of complaisance does not help the individual on in society. A man is not popular who so conspicuously prefers his own subjects, his own voice, his own wit, as habitually to break into the thread of other people's discourse; who will not allow another to express a liking opposed to his own without showing contempt for his opinion; who in art and literature has fixed ideas by which he measures and throws over every other man's preferences; who interrupts everybody when he is in the mood to speak, and shuts himself up in gloomy taciturnity when the exigencies of the hour make talk a social necessity, and when somebody (with the effort which only those accustomed to make it know) has to keep the ball going in face of cold silence or some more flagrant indication of indifference. Nor is he the more acceptable if the impetus of his own thoughts, regardless at all times of the *convenances*, betrays him, as it does non-complaisant persons, into scrapes, acts of unintended, unthought-of rudeness, when he perhaps broaches some sore subject, and works it to its excruciating end in defiance of all efforts of the embarrassed company. Complaisant people never blunder in this fashion; the instinct to please keeps them mindful of the position of those about them, and possesses them with caution among strangers. It must be owned that the credit of complaisance has suffered through some of its most noted examples. Some men have thrust upon it the work of all the virtues. Lovers of their money are often sincerely complaisant. They cannot give their gold, but they are anxious to acknowledge the duty and obligation

of benevolence as far as this restriction permits, and so they commute the debt by studied civility. Lord Chesterfield describes the great Marlborough, who hoarded his guineas with such loving tenacity, as perfectly complaisant. He could refuse more gracefully than others could grant; and those who went away from him most dissatisfied as to the substance of their demand were yet personally charmed with him and comforted by his manner. And Hazlitt, eulogizing Northcote, who thought practical benevolence vulgar, writes:—"I never eat or drank in his house, nor do I care to know how the flies or the spiders fare in it, or whether a mouse can get a living, but I know that I can get there what I can get nowhere else—a welcome as if one was expected to drop in just at that moment." All we can say is, that a miser is better for such amiability as he has.

That complaisance is a virtue, not a mere felicity and ornament, we must think when we see how the want of it nullifies the usefulness of many good people, unfitting them for the more delicate offices of benevolence. It means of course something much deeper than manner, than smiles, than a bright reception and a ready attention and courtesy of deportment; it means a cheerful resignation to circumstances, an accepting of the situation whatever it is, a general good will towards mankind, and sense of equality with them; the expectation of good from them, as well as a readiness to confer good upon them. Pride can perhaps feign complaisance, but cannot feel it. However, fortunately, there is much rough but necessary work to be done in the world which persons devoid of the grace in question are perhaps the better fitted for. It is where people have to do with the nicer sensibilities of men that the want of it is a bar to influence. There are occasions when the plainest plain-speaking is the first duty, and then the man who is accustomed to make things pleasant might not be the right man. Yet it is well to remember that all great teachers of mankind are complaisant. St. Paul was all things to all men; St. Peter bids us be courteous. It is reformers of a far different and lower stamp who are morose, and make a virtue of incivility.

Complaisance is a grown-up virtue. We do not care to see it full-blown in children; it develops as the character matures. It is not incompatible with a stormy boyhood, where thought is working itself out through argument, disputation, and contradiction. It is unfortunate if, at the stage when sensitiveness awakes, young people have it enforced through examples that offend taste or feeling. An over *empressment* of deference in one generation is apt to lead to a want of it in the next. There are few people whose manners hit the exact mean which adapts them to be chosen examples to another generation.

CHRISTCHURCH, TWINHAM.

THERE are not a few objects in the world which have altogether lost their original names, and have taken a name from some incidental circumstance. Thus in French the fox has wholly lost his real name of *volpil*, and has taken the new name of *renard* out of the famous beast-epic in which he plays the chief part. In England an animal of quite another kind, the little redbreast, has not wholly lost its real name, but is called by it far less commonly than by the personal pet name of Robin. Among places, the fact that the town of Kingston stands on the river Hull, and is distinguished from other Kingstons by the name of Kingston-upon-Hull, has caused the name of the river to supplant the name of the town everywhere except in formal documents. In the place of which we now speak the real name of the town has been wholly forgotten; we do not know whether it survives even in formal use, but it is quite certain that, if we spoke in ordinary talk of the town of Twinham in Hampshire, no one would know what place we meant. The dedication of the church has wholly driven out the name of the town, and the place is never called anything but Christchurch. The change is not unreasonable, for, except as the site of its minster, Twinham plays no prominent part in history. In early days it was a royal possession; as such it is casually mentioned along with its neighbour Wimborne, when the Ætheling Æthelwald rebelled against Eadward the Elder. This rebellion may pass as a very early assertion of the doctrine of hereditary right. Æthelwald, the son of Ælfred's elder brother, clearly thought himself wronged by the election of Ælfred's son. But Twinham—*Tweorncum*, as it appears in the *Chronicles*—played only a secondary part in the business, while Wimborne stood something like a siege. In *Domesday Thunon* appears as a royal lordship and as a borough, but a borough of no great account, containing only thirty houses. It is a suspicious fact that Christchurch was not represented in Parliament till the time of Elizabeth, and it is not likely that it would be represented now, had not the first Reform Bill, while docking it of a member, enlarged its boundaries. It stands, like several of the neighbouring towns, as the centre of a large parish in a thinly inhabited region of heath and wood. The great minster on a comparative height, the stump of a small castle, and, more precious in its own way than either, a ruined house of the twelfth century, form altogether as striking a group as can often be found. They are indeed helped by their position, rising as they do above the Avon, the southern Avon which runs by Salisbury and Ringwood, and which is here spanned by a picturesque mediæval bridge. But the minster of course soars above all; it is so completely the all in all of the place, both in its past history and in its present being, that we can neither wonder nor complain

that it has driven out the earlier name of the town. But when we come to examine the church in detail, we feel something about it which is not wholly satisfactory. The parts taken separately are splendid, but they do not hang well together. A building of great length, not of course of the length of Winchester or St. Albans, but of a very great length among churches of the second rank, has only a single western tower, and that one which, as the single tower of such a church, is utterly insignificant. Nowhere do we more instinctively and bitterly cry out for the central tower. It is not merely any personal or national fancy for the peculiar outline which distinguishes English and Norman minsters from those of the rest of the world; we do not miss the central tower at Bourges or at Alby, we are not sure that we miss it even at Llandaff. Bourges and Alby were designed on a plan which altogether forbade the central tower, and the question between them and the churches of England and Normandy is not a question between particular buildings, but between two rival systems of ground-plan and outline. But Christchurch, of all churches in the world, asks for a central tower and does not get it. The central tower may be best dispensed with when the church is all of a piece, built on one regular plan in which the central tower found no place; such is Bourges, such is Alby, such, to come down several degrees on our scale, is Manchester. But when a church is, like most English churches, a jumble of dates and styles—a nave of one kind, a choir of another, transepts of a third—a central tower is above all things needed to hold them together and to fuse them into some kind of a whole. However incongruous they may be with one another, yet when they all group round the central lantern, there is something which stands in a relation to all of them, though they may stand in no relation to one another. If a great unbroken length begs for a central tower to break it, a great length broken up into bits begs still more earnestly for a central tower to keep the pieces together. There is no doubt that a central tower was designed at Christchurch; the four great arches of the lantern are there ready to bear it up; it may even have been carried up to a certain height; but, as a matter of fact, it is not there now, and the result is that the building, as a whole, is utterly incongruous. A nave whose Romanesque character is partly disguised by the clerestory windows of the next age, a nave which is the only part of the building that still keeps its high-pitched roof, transepts somewhat lower than the main body of the nave, transepts essentially Romanesque, but much altered in detail; a Perpendicular choir, with vast clerestory windows like those of Bath or Sherborne or Redcliff; a Lady chapel of the same external height as the choir, but of course with a wholly different arrangement of windows—all these, with the further appendages of a large northern porch and a small western tower, do not form, as they stand, a harmonious whole. If the central tower were there, the several parts would at once become, if not exactly harmonious, yet at any rate not painfully inharmonious. The difference of arrangement between the nave and the choir, instead of a glaring contrast, would be little more than a pleasing variety. The transepts, instead of mere appendages to the nave, would resume their proper place as independent parts of the building. The one contrast which it could not reconcile would be the contrast between the choir and the Lady chapel, and the contrast between these most violently opposed parts of the building is a contrast not of date or style, but, we must suppose, of intentional design. The only question is as to the present western tower, which a central lantern of any dignity would of course throw into still greater insignificance. The arrangement would be the same as that at Wimborne, but at Wimborne a certain equality is kept between the two towers, by giving a slight advantage of bulk to the lantern in the middle, and a slight advantage of height to the bell-tower at the west end. Each, therefore, has a character and a dignity of its own, and they group well together without each being a mere double of the other. But at Christchurch, if there was to be a western tower, either alone or in company with a central lantern, it ought to have been far larger than it is.

The part of the church most deserving of detailed study is naturally the Romanesque nave. This, according to all local tradition, was the work of the famous or infamous Ralph Flambard or Passeflambard. It appears from Domesday that this man was one of the strangers who found their way into England and became possessed of English lands in the time of Eadward the Confessor. In the time of the Conqueror he appears as the subject of legend rather than of history, but legend represents him in much the same light in which history does. He appears as laying an unjust task on the district where he was afterwards to rule as Bishop, and as mightily punished by the patron saint for his evil deeds. In the reign of Rufus he appears as the chief agent in all the King's iniquities, and as raised to the see of Durham as the reward of his misdoings. His imprisonment under Henry the First and his daring escape from the Tower of London form a picturesque incident in all the histories of those times. Restored to his bishopric, he reigned as a great and magnificent prelate, and especially was he a mighty builder. He is said to have defrauded his monks of their lands, but he is also said to have built them new houses to dwell in. He is said to have amused himself by tempting them to the grossest breaches of their rule; but the passage in which William of Malmesbury once brought this charge against him was left out in his later edition, either as untrue or as inexpedient to be remembered. It is more certain that he built the noblest work of Romanesque architecture, the mighty nave of Durham. He built it as a direct continuation in a more ornamented form of the choir of William of St. Carilef, despising the

plainer and feebler work which the monks had meanwhile done in the transepts. This is the point which gives his name a special interest in connexion with Christchurch. The two local histories in the Monasticon give two distinct accounts of his relations to the place, which, however, do not necessarily contradict each other. One simply mentions that he had been Dean of the Church of Twinham before he became Bishop of Durham, but it gives no account of any buildings. The second version says nothing about his former connexion with the place, but describes the Bishop of Durham as getting a grant of the church and town from William Rufus, and as there doing great works. According to this account Twinham had then twenty-four secular canons presided over by one Godric, who, however, was not called Dean, but only "Senior et Patronus." Twinham, we are told, must then have looked more like Glendalough or Clonmacnois than like anything which we are used to in England. Besides the principal church, there were nine others in the churchyard, as well as the houses of the canons. All these Bishop Ralph swept away. He built new prebendal houses, and, if we rightly understand the story, he made ten small churches give way to one great one. Of this building the nave or transepts still remain.

The first thing that strikes us in reading this history is that there is no likeness whatever between the known work of Ralph Flambard of Durham and his alleged work at Christchurch. Waltham, Durham, Dunfermline, and Lindesfarne all hang together, but Christchurch has nothing to do with any of them. The pillars are wholly different. Instead of the vast rectangular columns of Durham, we have rectangular piers set with nookshafts according to one of the commonest forms of the style. Both cushioned and voluted capital, in several varieties, are freely used. The proportions are quite different from those of Durham, the arcade being much lower and the triforium much larger. In fact, there is no kind of likeness between the two. Durham is a great work of real genius. What William of St. Carilef began, Ralph Flambard appreciated, carried on, and improved. The Romanesque church at Christchurch is good and bold; it has no glaring faults like Gloucester and Tewkesbury; but it is ordinary work such as may be seen in a great many other places. It has no special character to awaken any particular interest in its designer. On the whole, it looks earlier than Durham. But Durham itself, of all places, teaches us that a building which is earlier in look is not always earlier in date. Did Ralph Flambard, then, build the nave of Christchurch before that of Durham, before he had been struck with the new forms brought in by William of St. Carilef? or was he the builder simply in the sense of bearing the cost without troubling himself personally about the design? A good deal depends on his own former relation to the place. If he had ever been Dean, it is hard to conceive that he could have been followed by a state of things in which Godric was head of the College without any certain title, and when we are expressly told that the name of Dean was unknown. But it is quite possible that Ralph may have been chief among the canons of Twinham in the less perfect state of their body, and that the writer simply called him Dean as being the title best known in his own time.

The lack of a central tower tends to throw the transepts into insignificance, especially as that arrangement is followed which was so common in Romanesque minsters, by which very little projection was given to the eastern and western piers of the lantern, in order to make a better backing for the stalls, the choir of course occupying the crossing. The later change of arrangements as usual moved the choir into the eastern limb, leaving the crossing practically a part of the nave. The rood screen of this later arrangement is still standing, and forms the great difficulty in the arrangement of the church for modern purposes. Under this we pass into the Perpendicular choir, and the effect is singular indeed. We pass from a minster nave into what seems to be a college chapel. For the great importance given to the clerestory makes the pier arches so low that they hardly rise above the canopies, and go for nothing in the general effect. The high altar still keeps its steps and its magnificent reredos. Less vast than those of Winchester and St. Albans, it shows more real grace in its sculptured representation of the Rood of Jesse, the fellow of that which has been defaced in St. Cuthbert's Church at Wells, and of the kindred work in glass in the east window at Dorchester. North of the altar stands the stately shrine, doubtless the cenotaph of the martyred Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, over whose murder Mr. Froude for once forbears to jeer, hard put to as he is to find an excuse for her murderer. It may perhaps point to the existence of local forestallers of Mr. Froude's views that the shrine has itself been basely burrowed into by modern tablets, and that it is balanced on the south side of the altar by a more portentous erection still. A pleasing domestic group, but one which is strangely set to balance the memorial of the daughter of Clarence and mother of Pole, is formed by a modern lady, surrounded by a group of children, one of whom we were credibly informed represents the present Earl of Malmesbury in the act of learning to spell.

The ancient foundation of secular canons, with their seal "Sigillum Ecclesie Trinitatis de Tvinham," gave way, about 1150, as in so many other places, to a body of regular or Austin canons. Christchurch remained a Priory of that Order till the Dissolution, when, among the buildings set down as "superfluous," we find "the church, a cloister, dormitory, chapterhouse, frater, infirmary, the subpriours lodging too the utter cloister and galery, the chapel in the same cloister, and all the houses

thereunto adjoining." The lead of the church and cloister, besides abundance of gold and silver plate, and two of the seven bells, were reserved for the King's Majesty, five being left for the parish. This might suggest that Christchurch also was an example of a divided church, and that the church referred to in the above extract means the eastern part only; but the arrangements of the interior do not confirm this idea. The rood-screen is palpably a rood-screen and not a reredos. But it is of course possible that a parish reredos may have stood across the western arch of the lantern.

Among the merits of this remarkable church, we may set the ease and comfort with which it may be examined. All manner of vergerdom and showmanship of every kind has been improved away, and the antiquary may study and sketch without let or hindrance. The custodian of Christchurch, by letting one alone, earns a far more willing fee than is ever given to a garrulous tormentor. It would be well if this good example were followed by the mother church of Winchester, where, before pencil may be set to paper, the visitor has to go through the ridiculous ceremony of sending in his name to some official or other, on the plea, not very clear to the non-capital mind, that somebody once hurt the canopies of the stalls, not by the harmless act of drawing them, but by the ruder process of covering them with plaster.

Besides the minster, the twelfth-century house by the river must not be forgotten. Though unroofed, it is nearly perfect, and it would hold a worthy place among the kindred remains at Lincoln, Dol, and Bury St. Edmunds. It is however much to be wished that it were cleared from the disfiguring ivy which hides nearly every detail.

THE MEETING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

MR. BRUCE has again contrived to drag authority through the dirt, and to give an easy triumph to the rabble. With ingenious perversity he deliberately provoked a conflict with the leaders of the mob as if for the express purpose of making a precipitate and abject submission to them, and ostentatiously setting their feet upon his neck as the official representative of law and order. A friendly suit is sometimes a convenient form of legal process, but it is inexpedient that questions between the Government and a party of turbulent agitators should be adjusted in this manner, with a foregone conclusion against the cause of order. On Sunday night the Home Secretary, learning that Mr. Odger and his friends, disappointed with their dripping demonstration in Hyde Park, had called another meeting for the next evening in Trafalgar Square to protest against Prince Arthur's annuity, intimated to them, through the police, that such a gathering in the neighbourhood of Parliament was illegal, and would certainly be prevented, by force if necessary. Next morning he caused notices to be served individually on the conveners of the meeting, and made a great show of mustering reserves of police at Scotland Yard. All the forenoon and afternoon omnibuses crammed with constables from suburban stations were arriving at head-quarters, and orders were given that the troops should be confined to their barracks. At midday, however, the guardians of the public peace began to waver. They sent word to the demonstrationists that, on second thoughts, their first notice meant nothing, and they might meet if they liked, provided there was no rioting. The result was, that the Home Secretary allowed the meeting to be held under the eyes of his army of constables, and in defiance of the Act of Parliament on which he had based his prohibition, and which, it will be remembered, he rigorously enforced against the match-makers without any warning at all. It is true the Home Secretary did not appear personally in these proceedings, but it must be assumed that in such a case the police acted under his instructions, and he has himself accepted the responsibility of what took place. There are several aspects in which an affair of this kind may be viewed. First, of course, there is the legal question. An Act of Geo. III. forbids any meeting within a mile of Westminster Hall "for the purpose or on the pretext of considering of or preparing any petition, complaint, remonstrance, declaration, or other address to either House of Parliament, on any day on which either House of Parliament shall meet or sit." As no resolution was moved or petition proposed on Monday night, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Bruce agree in thinking that the meeting was strictly legal, and that no offence has been committed. Such an argument was perhaps appropriate and characteristic in the mouth of a revolutionary lawyer's clerk, but it is melancholy to find a Minister of the Crown descending to a verbal quibble in order to evade the clear responsibilities of his office. The obvious meaning of the Act is that large bodies of people shall not be allowed to assemble in the immediate neighbourhood of Parliament, to overawe the judgment of either House by a demonstration of physical force. Whether there is a formal resolution or petition is a mere detail; the important question is whether the demonstration is directed against Parliament, and is intended to influence its decisions. It is impossible to doubt that this was the object of the Trafalgar Square meeting. Of course the promoters of the gathering did not suppose that it would have an immediate effect on the division which was to take place the same night in the House of Commons; but they calculated that the menace of numbers and organized violence which was intended to be conveyed would not be lost on the future deliberations of the Legislature. It would be a ludicrous and insufferable anomaly if a meeting for the

purpose of preparing or presenting a respectful petition to Parliament were to be deemed illegal, while a meeting to insult and denounce all the estates of the realm, and to rejoice at the prospect of a speedy revolution in which they would be summarily swept away, might be held at the doors of Parliament, not only lawfully, but under the special patronage of the Home Secretary and the protection of the police. Yet this is actually Mr. Bruce's interpretation of the law; and we have only to compare his harsh usage of the poor children from the East End who came to petition against the match-tax with his tender regard for the truculent sedition-mongers for whom he kindly kept the ring on Monday night, to see that he does not shrink from carrying into effect this extraordinary perversion of law and common sense. Even on a strictly literal reading of the statute such a demonstration as this would surely come within the category of a "complaint, remonstrance, or declaration" addressed to either House of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh boasted that he had driven the Chief Commissioner of Police and his following through the Act, and, if it is true that this can be done with impunity, the Home Secretary is bound to see that no time is lost in stopping the gap and preventing a repetition of the scandal.

If political meetings are to be permitted in the streets, at least the approaches to the Houses of Parliament must be preserved from the intrusion of threatening mobs. The appearance of collusion between the Minister and the agitators will certainly be strengthened if, after pointing out how they can evade a necessary and indispensable regulation, he wilfully neglects to repair the loose meshes of the law. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Bruce's decision legalizes meetings of this character not only in Trafalgar Square, but even in New Palace Yard. Apart from the obvious impropriety of a tumultuous assemblage at the very gates of Parliament for the purpose, as it were, of shouting insult and defiance into the ears of the members, there is the serious question whether, even if Trafalgar Square were not so near to St. Stephen's, it is a place where great political gatherings can be conveniently or safely permitted. It has happened that up to the present time the only persons who have taken advantage of the strange license accorded by the authorities in recent years are a small group of men, probably not more than a score in all, who parade themselves at different tap-room head-quarters under a variety of high-sounding designations, who are for the most part professional agitators living on the proceeds, direct and indirect, of their demonstrations, and who have been enabled to thrust themselves into a profitable notoriety by the virtual monopoly they enjoy of calling meetings and delivering speeches whenever they choose, under the protection of a bodyguard of police, in the most central and conspicuous parts of the metropolis. The question which must be seriously pressed on the Government is, whether they are prepared to confirm and continue this monopoly. It is obvious that it is only as a necessity that it can be allowed at all. Two can play at this game, it is true, or three or four, or any number, but it is impossible that the game can thus be played in peace. If the privilege is to be freely exercised by all parties alike, it must end in rioting and probable bloodshed. There was a very significant incident in the course of Monday's demonstration which should not be overlooked. Mr. Bradlaugh, it appears, was interrupted by some remark from a person in the crowd when uttering a gross personal insult to the Queen. Turning to the quarter whence the interruption came, he warned those who interrupted that if they tampered with the conduct of the meeting, they would be breaking the peace, and he added, "We are too strong for that." After this expressive warning no further interruption, we are told, occurred. It is necessary that the full measure of the pretensions thus advanced by a small clique of foul-mouthed demagogues should be distinctly realized. Mr. Bradlaugh has an undoubted right to form his own opinion of the Queen, and of the system of government under which he has the good fortune to live; and while he confines the expression of his sentiments to his own publications or the congenial audience of the "Hole in the Wall," or any other place where nobody need hear him except those who go for the purpose, he will find that a very considerable license is allowed him. But it is intolerable that he should be permitted to bawl seditious ribaldry in the open streets, and to threaten with personal chastisement, which his followers only require a signal to inflict, any bystander who utters an irrepressible exclamation of annoyance and disgust. If Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Odger are entitled to the use of one of the lions as a platform from which to insult the Throne and denounce the Legislature the backs of the other lions ought surely to be at the service of those who think there is something to be said on the other side, and who cannot allow such attacks to pass in silence.

Even Mr. Bruce will hardly venture to say that the voice of only one party is entitled to be heard in the streets, and that it is to be the voice of the party of disorder and revolution. Nothing is more certain than that, sooner or later, if these meetings are allowed to go on, there will be a collision between hostile parties, and a heavy responsibility rests upon the statesmen to whose culpable imbecility or wilful connivance our present anarchy is due. It is impossible that a great city like London, with an enormous population of all classes and nationalities, and a formidable residuum of the worst kind, can be stirred up by exciting political controversies in the streets without some very unpleasant and dangerous elements coming into sight. It is not merely the revolutionary agitators we have to deal with, but the predatory classes behind

them and below them, to whom every kind of social disturbance is at once a provocation and an opportunity. The blasphemous mock-litany men are an example of the scum which these political meetings bring to the surface. Last Sunday they were a conspicuous and disgusting feature in Mr. Odger's demonstration in Hyde Park. It is stated that "they mustered no less than five platforms, and drowned each other's voices in chanting the abominable trash in which they dealt." It is difficult to conceive such offensive ruffianism being tolerated for an hour in any community with the slightest pretensions to social order. We fine and persecute poor old women for selling sweetmeats to the children on a Sunday, and throw open our Parks on the same day to shameless scoundrels who are allowed to hawk their blasphemous wares and go through their atrocious burlesque on sacred things apparently without any fear of interference from the police. The demoralizing influence of this license extends beyond the particular cases in which it is displayed. The authority of Government generally has been degraded and weakened by the paralysis to which it seems to have succumbed as regards the preservation of public decency and order. We are glad to observe a growing sense of the dangerous encouragement which has been bestowed by some of our public men on the agitators of the Parks and the pavement. Mr. Gladstone's public fraternization with Finlen has not been forgotten; nor his declaration in Parliament that it is natural and proper that the people in a time of excitement should assemble in the streets to give vent to their feelings. The lower orders, who are not subtle reasoners and do not appreciate nice legal distinctions, will not fail to draw their own conclusion from the fact that tumultuous public demonstrations have only in one instance been forcibly checked, and that was when the demonstration was directed against a proposal of the Government. The natural inference is, not only that the Government do not object to a display of mob force on their own side, but that they sympathize with the objects of a demonstration when they permit it to take place. It is sadly true that the force of numbers has been accepted as supreme law, and that Ministers have not been ashamed to court the alliance of pot-house politicians and professional agitators. Only a few days ago the imperious Minister who never forgives the mildest and most respectful remonstrance from any of his Parliamentary supporters prostrated himself with painful humility before the revolutionary junta of the Old Bailey tap-room, who, having sent him a letter about the Parks Bill, which he did not answer by return of post, passed a resolution expressing their surprise and indignation at the Premier's conduct. Mr. Gladstone immediately wrote to express his "regret that he had omitted at once to acquaint them, as he had intended, with the course which the Government had decided to follow, and trusted that they would excuse any inadvertence which was due to the great pressure of business." It is not surprising that the agitators who are addressed in these obsequious terms should assume that the Minister sympathizes with their designs, and should derive encouragement from his approval. The orator in Hyde Park who remarked that the Constitution troubled Mr. Gladstone very little when it stood in his way, expressed concisely and clearly the Premier's lesson to his friends the mob.

DR. DÖLLINGER AND THE MUNICH RECTORSHIP.

THE office of Rector in a German University does not correspond precisely with that which bears the same name in Scotland, or with the Vice-Chancellorship at Oxford or Cambridge. Like the former office, it is annual and elective, and is considered a high distinction; but, although the Rector is expected to deliver an inaugural address, that is very far from being the only or the principal duty required of him. His dignity is as little a sinecure as the Vice-Chancellorship of Oxford, for he is in fact as well as in name the ruling power of the University during his year of office. The Rectors are therefore generally chosen from the professorial body, who are also the electors; but the large number of professors in the principal German Universities gives a wide scope for selection, and it is not, we believe, very common for the same person to be twice elected, certainly not unless after a considerable interval. There would on this ground alone be a peculiar significance in Dr. Döllinger's election last Saturday to the high office which he held only four years ago, when it may be in the recollection of our readers that we noticed the masterly address delivered by him, *Die Universitäten sonst und jetzt*, which was afterwards translated into English, and attracted considerable attention in this country.* It was in fact the profound impression produced by that address which first led his University to determine that he and none but he should be called to fill the distinguished office of *Rector Magnificus* in 1871, which, it must be further observed, is no common year, for it is the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University, or at least of the *Hochschule* out of which it sprung. But events which have occurred during the interval have of course given a yet deeper meaning to the recent all but unanimous act of the professoriate of the principal University in Southern, that is, in Catholic, Germany. Munich is, indeed, a "mixed University," as is almost everywhere the case in Germany; but the Catholic element, as is natural, largely preponderates both among professors and students, the more so as there is a sepa-

rate institution at Erlangen for training the Protestant ministers of Bavaria. When, therefore, we say that Dr. Döllinger has just been elected Rector for the ensuing year by fifty-four votes against six, three only of the professors abstaining from voting, and fifteen being absent, our readers will at once perceive how much is implied in the announcement, which has since been followed by the news of six anti-infallibilist professors being elected senators of the University, one of whom is Dr. Friedrich. It is the public response of the great educational body of Catholic Germany to the excommunication issued some three months ago by the Archbishop of Munich, and the declaration of his principles on the part of the illustrious professor which evoked it. The infallibilists are never tired of boasting that all the German bishops, and almost all the clergy, are on their side. In one sense, unfortunately, this is true, but we may gauge the value of such support by our knowledge of how it is secured. It was shown in the case of Dr. Hefele—who made a stand for many months, till his "quinquennial faculties," without which a Roman Catholic bishop cannot stir a finger, were refused him—how powerfully the screw can be applied to recalcitrant bishops under the existing system of the Curia. And the clergy are even more entirely dependent, as a rule, on their superiors, who can deprive them of position and livelihood by a stroke of the pen. In the later middle ages men looked rather to the great Universities, and especially to Paris, for the genuine expression of Catholic sentiment, than to Pope or bishop, and it was their influence which mainly predominated at Pisa and Constance. But Rome, if we may be allowed the expression, is more completely Romanized now than ever it was in the fifteenth century, and the bishops are more completely enslaved to its arbitrary rule. Meanwhile the old Sorbonne, once the centre of learned orthodoxy, has long since passed away, and it is to Germany rather than to France that educated Roman Catholics now look with confidence for theological guidance. It is on all these accounts a matter of something more than merely local or ephemeral interest that Dr. Döllinger should have just been raised by an overwhelming majority of his colleagues, and on an occasion of exceptional solemnity, to the highest and most influential post in the University of which, for nearly half a century, he has been the most distinguished ornament.

Our readers will perhaps be disposed to ask what effect this appointment is likely to have on the ecclesiastical concerns of Germany, and especially of Bavaria. But, except in a very general way, the question is not an easy one to answer. The personal sympathies of the young King are no doubt with the *Altkatholiken*, but he is a man of very different calibre from his father, Maximilian II.; and his Ultramontane advisers lose no opportunity of urging on him the importance, for his own dignity and power, of maintaining the independent status of Bavaria as a representative Catholic Power, and all the more so since Prince Bismarck has shown signs of a distinctly anti-Papal policy in Church matters. The retirement of Count Bray from the Bavarian Ministry points to a diminution of Ultramontane influence, but we do not yet hear of Prince Hohenlohe being called to succeed him, while the Cabinet still deals with such religious questions as are forced on its notice very much as Mr. Bruce deals with cabes, Beales, M.A. demonstrations, and other matters pertaining to his jurisdiction. They have done as little as possible, and that little has not always been consistent with itself. The *Placitum Regium*, for instance, was refused to the Archbishop of Bamberg, but he has been allowed to publish the Vatican decrees without it, and excommunicates right and left all who scruple to accept them. Whether the still bolder step just taken by the Archbishop of Munich will be suffered to go unchallenged remains to be seen. Not content with excommunicating Dr. Friedrich, he has now issued a formal sentence depriving him of all his benefices, in consequence of the part he took in administering the last sacraments and performing the burial rites for Dr. Zenger. Meanwhile no answer appears yet to have been given to the petition of the "Old Catholics" for a church at Munich for their exclusive use; while in Breslau a priest excommunicated by the Prince Bishop is confirmed by the Prussian Government in the possession of his parish church and continues to say mass there. But if the attitude of the Bavarian Cabinet towards Dr. Döllinger and his allies is vacillating and uncertain, there is no room for doubt as to the estimation in which he is held by the public. His recent election would indeed be sufficient proof of this, but it does not stand alone. We spoke the other day of the popular demonstration at Dr. Zenger's funeral, which was due simply to his having signed the address of sympathy to Döllinger. Recent visitors to Munich represent themselves as struck by the marked respect with which he is treated, whenever he appears in public, by clergy as well as laity, though the former dare not open their lips in his defence, and would refuse him the sacraments on his deathbed. To them, it has been observed by a writer who has had personal opportunities of investigation, acceptance of the new dogma "has become a question at once of good fame and of existence. They are branded as heretics and cast out of the Church if they hold out; and to men brought up from childhood in the belief that communion with the See of Rome is necessary to salvation, this is a distressing and even dreadful alternative; and it is aggravated by the reflection that disobedience means beggary." Under such circumstances it is not wonderful that so few of them should have the courage of their convictions, though there are not wanting precedents both in early and later Church history of large bodies of men who have been similarly tried, and have not been found wanting. The bishops, as we have said

* See *Saturday Review*, March 9, 1867.

before, are only in a less difficult position than their clergy. Rome, in her anxiety to tide over a dangerous crisis, has shown herself ready to be thankful for very small mercies, and will tolerate explanations, like Bishop Hefele's, which virtually neutralize what they explain, as long as they are coupled with an explicit act of submission. The Curia justly reckons that the submission is a patent and abiding fact, while the explanatory glosses perish with the using. And it was perhaps with some such feeling that the Pope had the prudence to declare publicly the other day that he would give no explanation of the decree, as it was plain enough without one. In this way the backbone of the episcopal opposition has been effectually broken. We have seen no confirmation of the Roman telegram stating that thirteen Hungarian bishops had yielded—that is, all but four; for one, who is an Ultramontane, had already published the decree. But it is doubtful whether even the Hungarian episcopate, which has the strongest vantage-ground of any, with the Government, clergy, and people at its back, will be able to hold its own in the long run. As yet Cardinal Schwarzenberg very heartily supports Dr. Schulte—the Dollinger of Prague—and Strossmayer, if driven to extremities, will no doubt sacrifice his see rather than his conscience.

If it be further inquired what are the prospects and what is the programme of the "Old Catholics" under such critical circumstances, their public declarations and the reports of those who are most likely to know their real mind leave little doubt as to how they would themselves reply. They clearly do not, as the name they have assumed implies, intend to form or encourage a schism. Unlike the followers of Ronge, some twenty-five years ago, who called themselves "New Catholics," the adherents of Dr. Dollinger base their protest expressly on adherence to the ancient faith of the Church. They scrupulously abstain from all acts which could be construed into needless defiance, and strictly confine themselves in the ministrations or receiving of the sacraments to what they consider necessary for their own spiritual welfare. But they will neither directly nor indirectly admit the justice of the sentence against them, nor will Dr. Dollinger listen to any of the insidious overtures that have actually been made during the last few weeks by the authorities at Rome to lure him into a compromise. But he is confident of the ultimate triumph of his cause, though not of himself witnessing it. "Philoctetes," he is reported to have said the other day to a friend, "has received his death-wound, and the end is only a question of time. A movement is set on foot of which I shall not see the triumph, but the triumph is certain sooner or later. The Roman Papal system must eventually succumb before it." He believes that the fall of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope will conduce towards this result; but he looks mainly to the invincible power of truth, and immediately to the progress of enlightened ideas throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, where the mass of the upper and middle classes is already opposed to Ultramontanism, and their views are sure in course of time to filtrate down to the lower strata of society, the more so as the schoolmasters who have the chief part in the religious training of the lower orders are appointed by Government, and are almost invariably liberal in their views. The higher education of the country is of course chiefly in the hands of the University professors, and so notoriously are they opposed to the Romanizing party that a learned English infallibilist has openly defended the Vatican decree on the express ground that "the Church was compelled to choose between the infallibility of the Pope and the infallibility of the professors." He will probably think his sarcasm more than justified by the act of the professors who have just raised the great anti-infallibilist leader to his present high office over the heads of a minority smaller even than the tiny handful of Ultramontanes and ultra-Secularists who voted the other day against the decree conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. We do not see, however, that Roman Catholics have more to fear from the threatened infallibility of professors than Protestants from the "tyranny of professors," against which Lord Shaftesbury solemnly warned his friends not many years ago. Unless they are false to their principles and their obligations, the spread of their influence can only mean the spread of sound knowledge and culture. And the most cautious can have no reason to fear that knowledge will degenerate into sciolism, or culture be divorced from religious faith, in the hands of such teachers as the newly-elected Rector of the University of Munich.

REPUBLICAN "COURT CIRCLES."

LORD NAPIER, when our Minister at Washington, once remarked to a distinguished lady in that city, that "a book descriptive of Society in the National Capital ought to be written, for a faithful record of that kind would give a better idea of the spirit and character of the period than any history." This profound and suggestive observation was immediately passed into general circulation, in the course of which it appears to have gained much popularity, and also to have picked up the capital letters with which it is now adorned in history's page. Even the most accomplished diplomatist would, we imagine, have a difficulty in talking capitals. In due time the idea has borne fruit in the shape of a portly volume, entitled *Court Circles of the Republic*, the object of which is, we are told by the authoress, "to exhibit statesmen, leading ladies, &c., in their drawing-room aspect." There seems

to be no reason to hold Lord Napier in any way responsible for the title of this work, otherwise we are afraid it might expose him to the suspicion of an insidious monarchical propaganda. To familiarize a democratic community with the idea of "Court Circles" would naturally be the first step towards the overthrow of its social constitution. The frugality and simplicity of a Republican Government have often formed the subject of a trite comparison with the pomp and extravagance of a Royal Court. The book which we have just mentioned supplies an instructive commentary on the truth of this assumption of democratic austerity. It shows that human nature, in the long run, is stronger than Spartan principles, and, "like a dome of many-coloured glass," stains the white radiance of Republicanism. Presbyterianism was discovered to be only old priest writ large, and a Republican Court presents, on examination, a very close resemblance to a Royal one. The same vanities, ambitions, and jealousies, the same passion for personal display and prodigal rivalry in millinery and upholstery, which are supposed to be characteristic of aristocratic society, appear to agitate the celestial sphere of which the President is the centre. It is somewhat curious to find the Americans beginning to relish the parade of a Court at the very time when the old country is being taught to dispense with one altogether. The first President of the Republic was a stickler for official ceremony, although nothing could be plainer or simpler than his private life. He had always six horses in his coach when he went to the Senate. At his levees he only bowed to his visitors with stiff solemnity, and rarely, if ever, shook hands. The *entrée* to his wife's drawing-room was very exclusive, and all who came were bound to appear in full dress. Tea and coffee with cake were the only refreshments on these occasions, which were denounced by severe patriots as "introductory to the paraphernalia of Courts." At Washington's first official entertainment the company dined on boiled leg of mutton; after the dessert a single glass of wine was offered to each guest, and the General then led the way to the drawing-room. Under John Adams the social arrangements were much the same as under his predecessor. Jefferson resolutely dispensed with state and ceremony of every kind. When he went to the Capitol to be installed as President, his dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback without a single guard or even servant in his train; he dismounted without assistance, and "hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades." He shocked the diplomatists by his unceremonious habits. One of them was horrified to find him one day preparing to polish his own boots. Mr. Merry, the English Minister, going in full dress to be formally introduced to the President, was received by him "not merely in an undress, but actually standing with slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat, and underclothes indicative of an indifference to appearance," which Merry regarded as a studied affront, and was very nearly making a national quarrel of it.

One of Jefferson's first decrees was the abolition of all levees. His two public days for the reception of company were the 1st of January and the 4th of July, when his doors were thrown open to all who chose to enter. At other times visitors had no difficulty in seeing him privately. This departure from the old system was warmly resented by the fashionable ladies who, affecting to ignore the abolition of levees, attended in a large party at the President's house on the usual night for a reception. Jefferson, returning from a ride and learning what company awaited him, went to them immediately, hat in hand, with his spurs on, and soiled with dust. He declared himself overjoyed at such a happy coincidence as the arrival of so many visitors at the same time, and was extremely attentive and polite, pressing every lady to remain as long as possible. His guests, however, did not repeat the experiment. Madison was a little man, with no presence, but his wife's "stately and Juno-like figure, towering above the rest of the ladies," must have compensated for his insignificance. This majestic creature continued to the last to wear a green shawl and a lofty turban; but it is added that she took snuff from a box of lava or platina—never from gold, which would probably have been deemed too monarchical. Monroe somewhat revived the strict etiquette of the early Presidents. On one occasion he refused admission to a near relative who happened not to have a new suit of small-clothes and silk hose in which to present himself. The social aspects of John Quincy Adams' administration are described in enthusiastic terms. The cake, coffee, ice-creams, sangaree, negus, and other hot and cold liquids often cost as much as fifty dollars a night. After a time the famous East room was thrown open, and dancing introduced. General Jackson's hospitality was really free and lavish, and cost him annually a large share of his cotton crop, in addition to his salary. At one of his suppers sixteen hundred guests were computed to have been present. A great many people came without invitations, and pushed their way in. As the President was leading a lady to supper, the mob swept him aside. "This is the first time," he exclaimed, "that I have ever shut out from my own table, and it shall be the last." At these entertainments the hungry crowd rushed at and stripped the salvers in the corridors long before they reached the supper-room. It is not surprising that towards the end of his administration the President was obliged to give up the habit of offering refreshments. It has never been resumed. It is not, however, the good eating and drinking, but free admission to the highest society in their country, which the Americans prize. The Delaware butcher whom Tyler had asked to dinner expressed the sentiment of the great body of his countrymen when he slapped his host on the back as his ideal of a Republican President, exclaiming, "You've made me feel as if I were in my own house."

And the official men always take care to play up to or down to this feeling. "Never mind," said Harrison to a man whom he had fallen in with on the street, and taken home to breakfast, but who hesitated to go in when he found that his new friend was the President—"never mind, you're a man, and so am I. You are one of the people, and I am their servant, and their tenant in this house. I shall therefore regard it as an honour to have one of my landlords as my guest."

Lincoln's procession to the Capitol to take the oaths in a carriage so closely surrounded by marshals and cavalry as to be hidden from view, presents a curious contrast to Jefferson's solitary ride on the same errand without a single companion. In Lincoln's case the muster of troops was a precaution against any attempt at assassination, of which even then there were apprehensions. His first levee was a "monster gathering," and three hours' incessant hand-shaking was exhausting even to a quondam rail-splitter, though he consoled himself with the reflection that "the ladies' hands did not hurt him." The social depression of the war was followed not unnaturally by a reaction when it was over. The fashionable season of 1866, we are told, was almost a carnival; Washington seemed to have gone wild. There was a substantial foundation for the complaint of the mixed character of the people who were now met everywhere in company. The "accession to society of many families suddenly grown rich," as our author elegantly phrases it, or, in other words, the sudden rise of unscrupulous speculators who had gained enormous profits by "shoddy contracts" and other swindles, degraded the moral tone of society, while it encouraged a reckless profusion and vulgar display of wealth. When we come down to our own day, the writer of "Court Circles" favours us with some graphic personal sketches of a very American kind. We are told not only that the engaging manners of Mrs. Sprague give her an ascendancy in society, but that "her slender form becomes a rich and ornamented style of dress." Mrs. Randall's figure is also slender, it appears, after the fashion of her countrywomen, but symmetrical; "her features have classic regularity, and her complexion is of that pearly paleness so exquisite in a faultless face, varying in colour with every shade of feeling"—a poetical expression rather painfully suggestive of the dying dolphin and its changing hues. Mrs. Senator Ramsay, of St. Paul, Minn., exemplifies "the luxuriant tropical style of loveliness." General Butler enjoys the distinction of an unenviable prefix to his name which is often associated with beauty in a familiar phrase. His daughter, Miss Blanche Butler, is described as a fairy vision of loveliness—"tall, graceful, and elegant, with a wealth of rippling auburn hair, having the golden sheen so much prized, floating down behind, and coils on the top of her head." Mrs. Butler's hair is also, it appears, arranged in a thick heavy coil on the top of the head, with several long ringlets floating down the back of the neck. Her dress at one of her great parties was, it is interesting to know, a Turkey red silk, with train and panier, and low corsage. Miss Blanche wore a flowered silk robe with white ground, with long train, and "high and large panier," which must have added very much to her general fairy-like effect. The historian of fashion records that on this occasion "Speaker Colfax was lively," but he supplies no explanation of the cause. It might perhaps be due in some measure to the fact that "his wife was draped in corn-coloured silk, much gored, and plain in front, with black lace trimmings." The yellow hue of Mrs. Colfax's dress may have given a tinge to his mind, or perhaps the thought of the bill disturbed him. Mrs. McCook, we are assured, was pointed out as the handsomest lady in the room, "short, and in misty white, with brilliant complexion, and bright black eyes." At Mr. Johnson's last Presidential reception, Mrs. Gaines, just arrived from New Orleans, attracted general attention—"radiant as ever, in a pearl-coloured satin, trimmed with black lace, with a bright dress bonnet, decorated with a large cigarette of costly diamonds." Mrs. Gaines, we are informed with a minute detail which one feels may at any moment become embarrassing in its exhaustive particularity, is of the medium height, slender, but well-rounded and symmetrical in form. Her brown hair is thick and clusters in short curls; her eyes are dark and brilliant, her complexion fair and clear—in short, she is "beautiful beyond criticism." She is also "full of life and animation, fresh in feeling and impulse," and beyond criticism in other respects. It is added that she is a universal favourite in society, but we are tempted to doubt whether there may not be an exception to her popularity in certain judicial circles, where she and her husband, as we gather from some anecdotes in this book, are apt to be rather more free than welcome. Mrs. Gaines, it seems, has had a suit long pending, and is in the habit of attending Court with her husband, General Gaines, dressed in full uniform and wearing his sword. On one occasion, at New Orleans, her counsel for some reason threw up their briefs, whereupon the General intimated that, as a legal man himself—all American Generals are apparently attorneys—he might claim the right to represent his wife's interests. Virginian law, however, was his forte, and in the Court of a civil law State he felt rather at sea, so he begged that his wife might be heard on her own behalf. The Judge consented, and the General, "with that grand dignity for which he is so distinguished," led forward Mrs. Gaines, who addressed the jury at length, and read a number of documents. The Judge after a time raised the frivolous technical objection that the documents were not in evidence. The lady had too high a spirit to submit to such tyrannical dictation, and the Judge again interfered, and, as she still persisted, appealed to her husband

"to control his wife in Court." Whereupon "the stately old General rose to his full altitude of six feet three, and assuming the position of a commander of grenadiers, and gracefully touching the belt of his sword, responded, 'May it please your honour, for everything that lady shall say or do I hold myself personally responsible in every manner and form known to the laws of my country or the laws of honour.'" This reply, and the significant gestures by which it was accompanied, led the Judge to exclaim that "the Court would not be overawed by the military authorities," and proceeded to overawe the gallant General by a threat "to reduce to an exception of recusation" something which had been said. A fastidious critic might perhaps suggest that the manners of the "Court Circles" of the Republic are somewhat wanting in that repose "which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," but it is quite clear that much the same vanities and ambitions mark the struggle of social selection in the New World as in the Old.

POLICE REPORT FOR THE METROPOLIS.

HAPPY are the people whose annals are dull, and we ought not to complain that the Report of the Commissioners of Police of the Metropolis for the year 1870 is only moderately interesting. A year hence curiosity may be excited to see what report Superintendent Griffin makes of his own conduct in investigating the Eltham murder, or whether the Superintendent of the A. Division ventures to say, as he must think, that the labour and responsibility of his men were increased by the ridiculous proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay a tax on matches. This officer is able to say in reference to last year that several political public meetings were held in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, and one by torchlight in New Palace Yard, and "all passed off peaceably." Indeed the greatest trouble of the A. Division seems to have been neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor Mr. Bruce, nor French, German, or international sympathizers, but dogs. And even dogs have been less vexatious than was expected. The police order as to stray dogs worked very satisfactorily. Dogs wearing collars with addresses on them must be kept three days at the station to enable notice to be given to the owners. But "as nearly all the dogs found are without collars, and thus being able to get rid of them at once" by sending them to the Home at Holloway, the nuisance previously caused to residents at police-stations, and to persons living in the neighbourhood of the stations, has been almost entirely removed. Owners of intelligent dogs had better explain to them that if they go out-of-doors without putting on their collars they are liable to be sent to a strange and dreary place misnamed a Home, and may perhaps never return to their real home and to those that love them any more. Next to dogs, the greatest trouble to the police appear to be costermongers, in which class we regret to find that the Superintendent of the E. Division includes the keepers of coffee-stalls. "I look upon them," says he, "as most dangerous places, wholly unnecessary, as they merely serve for a pretext to the garrotter or the 'outside' in a burglary." He adds, "that like the potato-roaster they only help to bring together all who would be better apart." We regret to find that the dealers in what Mr. Bruce would call an "innocuous beverage" are thus condemned as associates of thieves. We had hitherto supposed that the chief offence of the keepers of coffee-stalls was the abominable character of the compound which they sold. It appears, however, that there is a respectable potato-roaster, "a large iron machine on wheels with lamps," which receives commendation from the Superintendent; and we are not without hopes that he may be brought to sanction an improved coffee-stall before Sir Wilfrid Lawson succeeds in carrying the Permissive Bill. The experienced officer who finds costermongers almost too much for him refers with justifiable complacency to the facility with which he controls the drivers of larger vehicles. He and his men are charged with the duty of keeping order both when the wealth and aristocracy of London crowd to the opera at Drury Lane or Covent Garden in the evening, and when market-gardeners and greengrocers throng the same locality in the morning. The votaries of pleasure have hardly quitted the district before the followers of business begin to arrive in it. "The places of public resort in the metropolis are concentrated in the Bow Street subdivision; this brings together hundreds of equipages, which are packed in the intersecting streets, at times covering half its area." The police, however, maintain a complete control over the whole, to the admiration, as their Superintendent is convinced, of foreigners. He gives us a significant hint when he remarks that fires are of frequent occurrence, and many take place towards the close of each quarter. He mentions that in his division "neither drill nor church have by any means been overlooked." The former, he says, is necessary; and he is glad to note that the division looks well, the movements are very fair, and individual knowledge of duty not under the average. "With regard to the latter (church), there was a considerable falling off at one time, but I appealed to the good sense of the men, who responded by attending in large numbers, greatly to their credit." The E. band is most efficient. It plays in Russell Square, "to the great delight of many influential and other inhabitants." It has a very good effect, "promoting harmony between the police and the people." We venture to express the hope that harmony of another kind is not neglected. Several of these Reports mention the recent establishment of "fixed points" where a policeman is always to be found between

8 A.M. and 12 at night; but only Superintendent Thompson possesses a command of language adequate to announcing that "the speculative finding of a constable no longer exists." This officer has protected decency at various theatres and music-halls to his own entire satisfaction. The manager of the King's Cross Theatre, in spite of warning, produced a company "who performed the can-can in the most immoral manner," and he was peremptorily stopped. "I likewise closed the Euston Hall, a penny show, where boys and girls assembled." We are quite content that the Euston Hall should be closed, although we hardly see the force of the evidence which was produced against the proprietor. "It was proved in the case that a boy only eight years old stole money from the till where he was employed to go there." If a magistrate had power to close a pastrycook's shop, he could not well be asked to exert it because a child stole money to buy tarts. It is remarkable that in this Central Division of London the Report states that "220 days passed without a single felony of any kind occurring, 10 or 11 days more than once being consecutive."

Looking at the indications of intelligence which this Report displays, it is not exactly surprising, but disappointing, that the police should have so greatly blundered in reference to the Eltham case. They went off on a wrong tack, being misled by the ordinary policeman's notion that it is a law of nature that the master's son seduces the maid. They showed an obstinacy in adhering to a formed opinion which, however condemnable, is not unfrequently displayed by those who have better opportunities of learning to view a question on all sides. After this recent example of how policemen are capable of working against light, we feel, when this Report asks for more detectives, that we should like to be sure that they will detect, and not invent. There is, however, manifestly room for the employment of active and intelligent officers, not so much in detecting crimes committed as in observing those who are likely to commit crimes. The Habitual Criminals Act is intended to provide machinery for such observation, and the knowledge which experienced policemen necessarily acquire of professional thieves will be enlarged and systematized under the operation of that Act. The return of known thieves and depredators of both sexes and adult years is for the metropolis under 1,500 in this Report. Probably there are about that number of persons who are as well known to the police as they could be if their names and addresses appeared like those of the members of other professions in the Directory. We believe that under the recent Act a sort of Thieves' Directory will be compiled, and probably like other books of the class, it will conduce to the persons mentioned in it being found when "wanted." The police are much delighted with the notion of photographing all candidates for registration, and doubtless this will be a valuable assistance to them. We must remark, however, that the use of photography in criminal inquiries may very easily be abused in the manner exemplified in a recent case at the assizes. A burglary had been committed in the country, and two Londoners, who were apprehended some months after the offence, were put upon trial for it. Two men had been seen in the village on the day of the burglary, which was Sunday. They had been about the village most of the day, and had departed by railway in the evening. Some of the inhabitants who had noticed strangers loitering in a village on a Sunday would be likely to remember their presence some months afterwards. It was said that some of these inhabitants were taken to a police-station where the suspected men were detained, and "picked them out" of a number of men to the entire satisfaction of themselves and the police who had charge of the case. But then it was suggested by the prisoner's counsel that the police officer who conducted these witnesses to the place where they were to see the prisoners had, in his anxiety to prevent mistake, shown them photographs of the prisoners on the way.

This Report contains materials which may be useful when Mr. Bruce resumes the attempt to legislate for public-houses. We are told that in the K., or Stepney Division, the Wine and Beer Act of 1869 works well, and has almost put a stop to illegal Sunday trading. The refusal of certificates on reports of police has had a marked effect. Certain houses that did Sunday trading have had to shut up for want of trade, and as it has become known that persons found in the houses during illegal hours can be punished, this has had the effect of preventing many from seeking to be served. A police-officer is in duty bound to believe in the capacity of the Home Secretary, even when everybody else disbelieves in it, and therefore it is proper that this Report should state an expectation that the Sunday trading question will be satisfactorily settled by legislation. The writer, who is a good authority as to what passes under his own observation, says that "to put a stop to Sunday trading entirely in the metropolis may be devoutly wished but cannot be hoped for." He could doubtless give an equally practical opinion as to the liquor trade both on Sundays and weekdays if he were asked for it. It is satisfactory to learn that street beggars are less numerous than they were last year. "Mendicity Societies have done much good in this respect." The police still object, as they have always done, to the duty which has been imposed upon them of issuing orders of admission to workhouses to the casual poor. Among other causes of dislike to this duty, "vermin are introduced" into the stations by the applicants. We are happy to observe that this complaint is not brought against the dogs, who are involuntary visitors to the stations.

VENICE AND TINTORETTO.

THE fall of Venice dates from the League of Cambray, but her victory over the crowd of her assailants was followed by half a century of peace and glory such as she had never known. Her losses on the mainland were in reality a gain, enforcing as they did the cessation of that policy of Italian aggression which had eaten like a canker into the resources of the State, and drawn her from her natural career of commerce and aggrandizement on the sea. If the political power of Venice became less, her political influence had grown greater than ever. The statesmen of France, of England, and of Germany studied in the cool, grave school of her Senate. We need only turn to *Othello* to find reflected the universal reverence for the wisdom of her policy and the order of her streets. No policy, however wise, could indeed avert her fall. The Turkish occupation of Egypt and the Portuguese discovery of a sea route to India round the Cape of Good Hope were destined to rob the Republic of that trade with the East which was the life-blood of its commerce. But, though the blow was already dealt, its effects were as yet hardly discernible. On the contrary, the accumulated wealth of centuries poured itself out in an almost riotous prodigality. A new Venice, a Venice of loftier palaces, of statelier colonnades, rose, under Palladio and Sansovino, along the line of its canals. In the deep peace, unbroken even by religious struggles, for Venice was the one State exempt from the struggle of the Reformation, literature and art won their highest triumphs. The press of the Aldi gave, for the first time, the masterpieces of Greek poetry to Europe. The "novels" of Venice furnished plots for our own drama, and became the origin of modern fiction. Painting reached its loftiest height in Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. The greatest of colourists sprang from a world of colour. Faded, ruined as it is now, the frescoes of Giorgione swept from its palace fronts by the sea-wind, its very gondoliers bare and ragged, the glory of its sunsets alone remains vivid as of old. But it is not difficult to restore the many-hued Venice out of which its painters sprang. There are two pictures by Carpaccio, for instance, in the Accademia which bring back vividly enough its physical aspect. The scene of the first, the "Miracle of the Patriarch of Grado" as it is called, lies on the Grand Canal immediately in front of the Rialto. It is the hour of sunset, and darker-edged clouds are beginning to fleck the golden haze of the west, which still arches over the broken sky-line, roof and turret and bell tower, and chimneys of strange fashion with quaint conical tops. The canal lies dusk in the even-tide, but the dark surface throws into relief a crowd of black gondolas, and the lithe, glowing figures of their gondoliers. The boats themselves are long and narrow as now, but without the indented prora which has become universal; the sumptuary law of the Republic has not yet robbed them of colour, and instead of the present "coffin" we see canopies of gaily-hued stuffs supported on four light pillars. The gondolier himself is commonly tricked out in almost fantastic finery; red cap with long golden curls flowing down over the silken doublet, slashed hose, the light dress displaying the graceful attitudes into which the rower naturally falls. On the left side of the canal its white marble steps are crowded with figures of the nobler Venetian life; a black robe here or there breaking the gay variety of golden and purple and red and blue, while in the balcony above a white group of clergy, with golden candlesticks towering overhead, are gathered round the daemoniac whose cure forms the subject of the picture. But the most noteworthy point in it is the light it throws on the architectural aspect of Venice at the close of the fifteenth century. On the right the houses are wholly of mediæval type, the flat marble-sheeted fronts pierced with trefoil-headed lights; one of them splendid with painted arabesques dipping at its base into the very waters of the canal, and mounting up to enwreath in intricate patterns the very chimney of the room. The left is filled by a palace of the early Renaissance, but the change of architectural style, though it has modified the tone and extent of colour, is far from dismissing it altogether. The flat pilasters which support the round arches of its base are sheathed with a delicately-tinged marble; the flower-work of their capitals, and the mask enclosed within it, are gilded like the continuous billet moulding which runs round in the hollow of each arch, while the spandrels are filled in with richer and darker marbles, each broken with a central medallion of gold. The use of gold, indeed, seems the "note" of the colouring of the early Renaissance; a broad band of gold wreaths the two rolls beneath and above the cornice, and lozenges of gold light up the bases of the light pillars in the colonnade above. In another picture of Carpaccio, the "Dismissal of the Ambassadors," one sees the same principles of colouring extended to the treatment of interiors. The effect is obtained partly by the contrast of the lighter marbles with those of deeper colour, or with porphyry, partly by the contrast of both with gold. Everywhere, whether in the earlier buildings of mediæval art or in the later efforts of the Renaissance, Venice seemed to clothe itself in robes of Oriental splendour, and before its fall to pour over Western art the wealth and gorgeousness of the East.

Of the four artist-figures who—as in the tradition of Tintoret's picture—support this "Golden Calf" of Venice, Tintoret himself is the one specially Venetian. Giorgione was of Castel Franco; Titian came from the mountains of Cadore; Paolo from Verona. But Jacopo Robusti, the "little dyer," the Tintoretto, was born, lived, and died in Venice. His works, rare elsewhere, crowd its churches, its palaces, its galleries. Its greatest art-building is the

shrine of his faith. The school of San Rocco has rightly been styled by Ruskin "one of the three most precious buildings in the world"; it is the one spot where all is Tintoret. Few contrasts are at first sight more striking than the contrast between the building of the Renaissance which contains his forty masterpieces, and the great mediæval church of the Frari which stands beside it. But a certain oneness after all links the two buildings together. The Friars had burst on the caste spirit of the middle age, its mere classification of brute force, with the bold recognition of human equality which ended in the socialism of Wiclif and the Lollards. Tintoret found himself facing a new caste-spirit in the Renaissance, a classification of mankind founded on æsthetic refinement and intellectual power; and it is hard not to see in the greatest of his works a protest as energetic as theirs for the common rights of men. Into the grandeur of the Venice about him, her fame, her wealth, her splendour, none could enter more vividly. He rises to his best painting, as Mr. Ruskin has observed, when his subjects are noble—doges, saints, priests, senators clad in purple and jewels and gold. But Tintoret is never quite Veronese. He cannot be untrue to beauty, and the pomps and glories of earth are beautiful to him; but there is a beauty, too, in earth, in man himself. The brown half-naked gondolier lies stretched on the marble steps which the Doge in one of his finest pictures has ascended. It is as if he had stripped off the stately robe and the ducal cap, and shown the soul of Venice in the bare child of the lagoons. The "want of dignity" which some have censured in his scenes from the Gospels is in them just as it is in the Gospels themselves. Here, as there, the poetry lies in the strange, unearthly mingling of the commonest human life with the sublimest divine. In "The Last Supper," in San Giorgio Maggiore, the apostles are peasants; the low, mean life of the people is there, but hushed and transfigured by the tall standing figure of the Master, who bends to give bread to the disciple by his side. And above and around crowd in the legions of heaven, cherubim and seraphim mingling their light with the purer radiance from the halo of their Lord; while amid all this conflict of celestial light the twinkling candles upon the board burn on, and the damsel who enters bearing food, bathed as she is in the very glory of heaven, is busy, unconscious—a serving-maid, and nothing more. The older painters had seen something undivine in man; the colossal mosaic, the tall unwomanly Madonna, expressed the sense of the Byzantine artist that to be divine was to be unhuman. The Renaissance, with little faith in God, had faith in man, but only in the might and beauty and knowledge of man. With Tintoret the common life of man is ever one with heaven. This was the faith which he flung on "acres of canvas" as ungrudgingly as apostle ever did, toiling and living as apostles lived and toiled. This was the faith he found in Old Testament and New, in saintly legend or in national history. In the "Annunciation" at San Rocco, a great bow of angels streaming either way from the ethereal Dove sweeps into a ruined hut, a few mean chairs its only furniture, the mean plaster dropping from the bare brick pilaster; without, Joseph at work, unheeding, amid piles of worthless timber flung here and there. So, in the "Adoration of the Magi," the mother wonders with a peasant's wonder at the jewels and gold. Again, the "Massacre of the Innocents" is one wild, horror-driven rush of pure motherhood, reckless of all in its clutch at its babe. So, in the splendour of his "Circumcision," it is from the naked child that the light streams on the High Priest's brow, on the mighty robe of purple and gold held up by stately forms like a vast banner behind him. The peasant mother to whose poorest hut that first stir of child-life has brought a vision of angels, who has marvelled at the wealth of precious gifts which a babe brings to her breast, who has felt the sword piercing her own bosom also as danger threatened it, on whose mean world her child has flung a glory brighter than glory of earth, is the truest critic of Tintoret.

What Shakespeare was to the national history of England in his great series of historic dramas, his contemporary Tintoret was to the history of Venice. It was perhaps from an unconscious sense that her annals were really closed, that the Republic began to write her history and her features in the series of paintings which covers the walls of the Ducal Palace. Her apotheosis is like that of the Roman Emperors; it is when death has fallen upon her that her artists raise her into a divine form, throned amid heavenly clouds and crowned by angel hands with the laurel wreath of victory. It is no longer St. Mark who watches over Venice, it is Venice herself who bends from heaven to bless boatman and senator. In the divine figure of the "Republic" with which Tintoret filled the central cartoon of the Great Hall every Venetian felt himself incarnate. His figure of "Venice" in the Senate Hall is yet nobler; the blue sea depths are cleft open, and strange ocean shapes wave their homage, and yet more unearthly forms dart up with tribute of coral and pearls to the feet of the Sea Queen as she sits in the silken state of the time with the divine halo around her. But if from this picture in the roof the eye falls suddenly on the fresco which fills the close of the room, it is hard not to read the deeper comment of Tintoret on the glory of the State. The Sala del Consiglio is the very heart of Venice. In the double row of plain seats running round it sat her nobles; on the raised dais at the end, surrounded by the graver senators, sat her Duke. One long fresco occupies the whole wall above the Duke; in the background the blue waters of the Lagoon with the towers and domes of Venice rising from them around a framework of six bending saints; in front two kneeling Doges in full ducal robes, with a black curtain of clouds between them. The clouds roll back to reveal a mighty glory, and in the heart of it the livid figure of a

dead Christ taken from the cross. Not one eye of all the nobles gathered in council could have lifted itself from the figure of the Doge without falling on the figure of the dead Christ. Strange as the conception is, it is impossible that in a mind so peculiarly symbolical as that of Tintoret the contrast could have been without a definite meaning. It is a meaning that one can hardly fail to read in the history of the time. The brief interval of peace and glory had passed away ere Tintoret's brush had ceased to toil. The victory of Lepanto had only gilded the disgraceful submission to the Turk which preluded the disastrous struggle in which her richest possessions were to be wrested from the Republic. The terrible plague of 1576 had carried off Titian. Twelve years after Veronese passed away. Tintoret, born almost at its opening, lingered till the very close of the century to see Venice sinking into powerlessness and infamy and decay. The figure of the dead Christ is perhaps the old man's protest against a pride which was hurrying to so shameful a fall.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

THE success of Goodwood is due very much to the beauty of its position and the charms of its scenery; but there are considerable drawbacks to the enjoyment of even these delights. The course is not easily accessible, the road is about the dustiest in England, and the Drayton and Chichester flydrivers are among the most rapacious of their class. On the Cup Day last week, when thirteen races were most absurdly crowded into the programme, the harvest reaped by these worthies must have been unprecedented; for racing commenced at twelve o'clock, an hour quite unknown for Goodwood, and when the visitors arrived at Drayton and Chichester at the hour to which they have always been accustomed, they found that all the most eligible conveyances had been snapped up by the very prudent people who had taken advantage of the earliest trains. The prices demanded and extorted in this emergency may be guessed by those familiar with the ordinary Cup Day tariff. Nor, when arrived at the course, can we say that the visitor, especially the lady visitor, is in a position of unalloyed comfort. The Grand Stand is, considering the character of the meeting, about the worst arranged and the worst managed in England. The staircases are dark and narrow, the means of access to the upper parts of the building are awkward and insufficient; the ladies' cloak-room can only be gained after a fierce struggle with the crowd eager to reach, or still more desperate to descend from, the roof; and the dirty and unseatable luncheon, which would be a disgrace to a cookshop in St. Giles's, is served in the dirtiest and dingiest corners of the building. With an accurate knowledge of human nature the provider of this dainty repast compels you to pay your money before you enter the room. He believes, and with justice, that if his visitors could catch a glimpse beforehand of the banquet spread for them, but few five-shilling pieces would be poured into his coffers. From the stand let us move to the much-vaunted lawn. If you have arrived early with ladies, your first wish is to provide them with a comfortable seat. With that view, you first go away as far as the limits of the lawn permit from that part where Royal and Imperial Highnesses and their followers are accustomed to congregate, and next you take possession of some unoccupied seat in the usual way, by depositing shawls and cloaks on them. Not, however, to enjoy that possession long; for a stout official will presently appear, and inform you that those seats were engaged; that if there are no reserved tickets on them, there ought to have been; that if there were no shawls or evidences of prior occupancy on them, there ought to have been; that if they were not turned down, they ought to have been. The determination of the official's words is so accompanied with a certain hesitation of manner that you feel no doubt that a present of a sovereign would immediately settle the difficulty in your favour; but supposing you decline to submit to this tax, you are forthwith motioned away to a part of the ground where there is no shade, where a few wooden forms without backs are liberally provided, and where not the slightest view of any part of the racing is to be obtained. You have, in fact, exchanged the dirt and discomfort of the Stand for jobbery and impudence on the lawn. We have no hesitation in making these remarks, because somebody must derive a handsome revenue during the race week from the pockets of the public, and the public have a perfect right to criticize his arrangements. In Ascot there is a model of a meeting where every possible provision is made for the comfort and convenience of visitors; and Goodwood is the direct antithesis to Ascot.

We have something to say on another point. The fine ladies and gentlemen who probably receive their admission tickets free complain of being stared at and jostled by the common folk who pay down their sovereign apiece to enter these sacred precincts. Can they wonder, if they consider of what various elements the gay throng that crowds the lawn on the Cup day is composed? We read in the *Times* the day after that "all the beauty of London society, with many a fair face that had blushed comparatively unseen in the byways as well as the highways of English life, was there"; but the writer quite forgot to add that there was a still greater abundance of fair faces that had long ago forgotten how to blush, and that might be seen any day (or night) "in the byways as well as the highways." As far as numbers went, Belgravia had little advantage over Brompton, and as staring and jostling are important elements in Brompton's vocation, and as Brompton's escorts were not likely to be men of very

delicate taste or refined manners, we can fully believe that Belgravia was much pressed upon and incommoded. We demur, however, to the assertion of the *Times*' writer that these ill-bred actions, or any considerable part of them, were committed by "well-dressed people who, it might have been supposed, would have known better." Well-dressed people they were; but neither by nature nor education could they possibly have known better. But that the ordinary run of respectable ladies and gentlemen who visit Goodwood are in the habit of staring rudely and offensively at this or that person, we doubt, for the best of all possible reasons—because, namely, we question very much whether there is any one worth staring at. There may be, on an average, half-a-dozen toilets a year of exceptional taste, and they, not their wearers, are naturally scrutinized—indeed, for what else are they designed or worn?—but we cannot call to mind any race-going Englishman of whom we are so particularly proud that educated men and women would take the trouble to stare at him. If there ever was an excuse for staring, it was on the two days of last week when the Crown Prince of Germany was at Goodwood. The climate of England does not seem favourable to the production of Princes of his type, and on so rare an opportunity of beholding a specimen of Royal humanity of a species wholly distinct from that with which we are familiar, there might naturally have been some undue eagerness and expressiveness of demonstration; but we sincerely hope, and, as far as we could form an opinion, we fully believe, that His Royal Highness's stroll about the lawn was accomplished without any vulgar or obtrusive molestation. For the rest, if there is any real grievance, there is a very easy remedy. The Duke of Richmond can build a private stand with enclosure similar to the Royal enclosure at Ascot, and he can allow whom he pleases to enter, and none other. The wives and daughters of his friends would then be saved from the rude observation of the *demi-monde*, which at present, to say the truth, they bear with singular resignation.

To turn to the racing, we may remark that Goodwood has shared the vicissitudes that have befallen other meetings. The Gratwicke and the Ham Stakes have gone the way of the Post and Riddlesworth at Newmarket; rich sweepstakes are out of fashion, and (the Cup only excepted) nothing but the handicap races saved Goodwood this year from utter insignificance. The Stewards' Cup on the first day was as popular as ever, and thirty-nine starters came to the post. All the speed in the country that had not been weighted out of it was there, from Tibthorpe, with 9 st., to Jackal (once thought good enough to back for the Derby), with 5 st. 7 lbs. An hour's delay at the post was quite sufficient to destroy the chances of every animal with a temper or an inclination to nervousness. But even had the flag fallen at the very first attempt, the result must have been all the same, for the ease of Anton's victory has never been surpassed. Oxonian, who is a very speedy animal, got all the best of the start, and maintained such a clear lead for three parts of the journey that his victory was loudly proclaimed. But directly Anton was let out the race was over. He had Oxonian in trouble at once, and drawing away further and further every moment, achieved the easiest Stewards' Cup victory ever witnessed by fifteen lengths. It is difficult to say what was second-best, as under the circumstances most of the horses were pulled up when it was seen that Anton was galloping clean away from them. We think, however, that Oxonian could have beaten all except the winner. Anton, it will be remembered, showed first-class form as a two-year-old, and was credited with such staying powers that this year's Chester Cup, into which he was admitted on lenient terms, was considered a certainty for him. He did not run first, however, and was so disgracefully defeated in two minor events that it was generally supposed he had lost all form. Hence his light weight in the Stewards' Cup, his extraordinary victory in which points to an equally extraordinary recovery of form, for he won with really any amount of weight in hand. As, however, he was easily beaten three days afterwards over the longer Chesterfield Cup course (with only 7 lbs. extra), it may be that he has lost his staying powers, while retaining all his speed. The once great race of the meeting, the Goodwood Stakes, brought out, as is usual nowadays, a very moderate field; Claudius being the best, as he was also the most heavily weighted of the fourteen, and Taraban, Indian Ocean, Lord Hawke, and Chérie being the best known of the remainder. Old Taraban, who is rapidly losing his character as a rogue, added to his triumph in the Northumberland Plate by winning the Goodwood prize also, thanks to the jockeyship of Fordham, and the exhaustion of the lad who rode the second horse, an unnamed colt by Wamba out of Lady Hungerford. Thanks, also, to the infinite pains which are taken to improve Taraban's temper and infuse courage into his sullen heart, for not only was he regaled with a bottle of old port and a bottle of champagne before the start—and he enjoyed the sparkling wine so much that he tried to swallow the bottle also—but his ears were well stuffed with cotton-wool, to prevent any unwelcome shouts from disturbing his peace of mind. And as, in addition to all these inducements to make him do his duty, he was only burdened with the nice racing weight of 8 st. 5 lbs., the performance was not more than might have been expected from so muscular and so thoroughly sound a horse. The two remaining handicaps of the week to which attention need be drawn were the Chichester and the Chesterfield, both of whom fell to Botheration, though the honours of the latter must fairly rest with Sterling, who carried the crushing weight of 8 st. 11 lbs.

into the second place, and gave additional proof of his extraordinary powers over a mile or a mile and a quarter course. The finish for the Chesterfield Cup was an affair of bumping and cannoning between Botheration and Mornington, and the latter was so manifestly in fault that he was at once disqualified from taking the second place which the judge had assigned to him, that distinction being awarded to Sterling instead.

We may pass over the two-year-old racing, which was singularly unimportant, and the two victories of King of the Forest, which were nothing more than exercise canterers for him, and come to the great surprise of the week, the greatest surprise in racing that perhaps has ever happened—the defeat of Mortemer and Favonius by Shannon for the Goodwood Cup. Opinions were pretty equally divided whether Mortemer or Favonius would win, but there was not a creature who dreamed that they would both be beaten; though, could one have foreseen the way in which the race was ridden, one's confidence in the invincibility of the pair might have been diminished. Dutch Skater, Shannon, and Ripponden made up the quintet for the Cup field, and it was of course surmised that Dutch Skater would make the running for his stable companion, the great Mortemer. Judge, therefore, of the astonishment of the spectators when they saw Dutch Skater kept well behind, and Mortemer and Favonius left to make running as they pleased, which they did at a snail's pace. So wretched a pace in a Cup race has never been seen; in fact, they did not fairly gallop till they reached the T.Y.C. post, when Shannon came away with the lead, and, her fine turn of speed serving her at the finish, the cracks were never able to reach her neck. Shannon, it is true, has shown plenty of fair form, but not such as to justify us in dreaming that Favonius could not give her 10 lbs.; added to which she comes of a non-staying family, and none of the Lambtons have been formidable over long courses. Whether she is a stayer or not is another thing; but the race was run exactly to suit a non-stayer, and to that we must attribute her victory. It is probable that there was something wrong with Mortemer, and that they were afraid to allow Dutch Skater to make strong running for him. That Dutch Skater could have done it there can be little doubt, for in the Queen's Plate on the Friday he made all the running over the three miles and a half, and beat Gourbi, a fair horse, in a common trot. But why, then, did not Favonius take up the running himself? If he had done so, we believe that Shannon would have been disposed of at the end of a mile and a half. This week, at Brighton, very different tactics were adopted, and when Corisande had made all the running she could make for her stable companion, and could do no more, Favonius himself took it up, and won the Brighton Cup in a canter from Manille, Lumley, and Gourbi. We are persuaded that Favonius is so good a stayer that the pace cannot be made too strong for him in the early part of a race. He is sure to be ready to come to the front when he is wanted. It was by some unfortunate misconception that he was not allowed to go ahead at Goodwood, for on that particular day he would certainly have beaten Mortemer. Whether he would accomplish the feat, however, if Mortemer was perfectly fit and well, at a similar disadvantage in the weights, we take leave to doubt.

The sport at Brighton, which was most excellent, was distinguished not only by the triumph of the Derby winner, but also by two fine performances of old Vulcan, who really seems to run better and better every month. On Tuesday he beat Sterling at weight for age over Sterling's best course, a mile; and viewed in the light of Sterling's recent performances, this is a magnificent feat; and on Wednesday, carrying the welter weight of 10 st. 3 lbs., he chopped those flyers Chopette and Nuneham at the start, and won by three lengths over a five-furlong course. The extraordinary thing about Vulcan is not that he should stand such incessant work, but that he should be so at home over courses of all lengths, from half a mile to a mile and a half, and that after running and winning a mile race against the best miler we have had for years, he should have the speed, at his age, to dash away in a sprint race from our speediest two-year-olds.

REVIEWS.

COUNT BEUGNOT.*

THESE volumes in their original language are probably familiar to many of our readers. Miss Yonge's translation of them, however, is recent; and in the present crisis of France, following a ruinous war and a scarcely less ruinous revolution, we can well afford to revert to the days of the Gironde and the Mountain, the Consulate and the Empire, and the Restoration of the Bourbons. We can imagine a better version of these Memoirs, but as Miss Yonge gives with tolerable fidelity the sense, though she often misses the spirit, of the author, we must be content, and rather hint at faults than specify them. Count Beugnot—we give him his title at once, though it cost him many years to earn it—did not begin to digest and arrange his journals or recollections until he was advanced in years, and after he had withdrawn entirely from public life. Hence, perhaps, the record of his life and adventures opens abruptly and has several gaps. These, indeed, are supplied

* *Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot, Minister of State under Napoleon I.* Edited from the French by Charlotte M. Yonge. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

by a brief summary of such public or personal circumstances as he had omitted, or not thought it worth while to mention. His opportunities for observing men and events, during a most eventful period for Europe no less than for France itself, were such as have fallen to the lot of few. Perhaps Fouché or Talleyrand alone could have told us more than the Count has done of the secret machinery as well as the overt aspect of French politics during a period of forty years; that is to say, from the days of Madame Lamotte and the diamond necklace to the ordinances of 1830 and the final dethronement of the elder branch of the Bourbons. But the memoirs of the Prince of Otranto belong to the apocrypha of history, and those of the ex-Bishop of Autun are disappointing, if not in great measure intended to conceal far more than they impart; whereas Count Beugnot honestly meant to give such information as he possessed, and accordingly has confirmed much that was true, thrown light on dark passages of history, and dissipated some prevailing errors or falsehoods. For such good service he was eminently qualified. He served many masters; he was employed under the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration; he was not confined to Paris; he saw what French government was beyond the Rhine; he was a civilian and not a soldier, and so was enabled to notice and record much that marshals, colonels, or even diplomatists knew not or cared not to remark. He did full justice to the genius of Napoleon I., but he was not blind to the mistakes which caused his fall; he perceived the canker in the white rose of the recalled monarchs, and discerned that their days were numbered. He suspected, long before they came to the surface, the intrigues of the Orleanists, and when they succeeded, he retired from the political sphere, weary of the instability and doubtless lamenting the perturbed spirit of the French nation, which ever makes "haste, but taketh not rest."

Jean Claude Beugnot was born at Bar-sur-Aube, in 1761. His family belonged to the *noblesse de robe* of the province; and he himself was brought up to fill a legal office before the Revolution. He was not exempt from the perils of the time, but, either through luck or the intervention of friends, he was not brought up for trial and short shrift; and by the death of Robespierre, on the 10th Thermidor, he was released from prison. His introduction to official life dates from the 18th Brumaire of the year following. Lucien Bonaparte, who had known him during the latter days of the Revolution, appointed him Secretary-General to the Home Department, and employed him in organizing the new Prefectures. His report on that business was of course submitted to the Consuls, and thus commenced his connexion with the first Napoleon, terminating only with the first abdication and Elba. Count Beugnot was much trusted, and also often scolded, by the Emperor; the Minister had not in him enough of the willow always to please a despot; yet he earned from him a testimonial which few contemporary officials deserved, and which the giver of it rarely bestowed. At St. Helena Napoleon said, "Beugnot, when he was Préfet, always told him the truth." If the Emperor had possessed more counsellors such as this "honest Griffith" was, his dynasty might possibly still have been in the Tuileries. But, unfortunately, the master lied himself, and encouraged his servants to lie, partly by example, and yet more by the fury with which, latterly at least, he received unwelcome truths. Sooner or later *l'état c'est moi* rulers come to tolerate false reports alone. It is a condition twin-born with greatness. Marlborough and Eugene were not more formidable foes to Louis XIV. than Louvois and Père-la-Chaise.

In March, 1800, Count Beugnot was appointed to the Prefecture of Rouen, and he retained it until the same month in 1806. At this period of his career there is a gap in his journal. Evidently he contrived to render himself popular in Rouen and the province; for the remembrance of him survived in the department of the Lower Seine, and ten years later—that is, in 1816—the electors chose their old Prefect of the Consulate for their representative in the Chamber of Deputies. The notes of his "Life and Adventures" recommence in 1808, when the Kingdom of Westphalia was created. Beugnot was then selected by the Emperor to administer the finances of the Grand Duchy of Berg. Düsseldorf, where he principally resided, was then the capital of a small State containing about a million of inhabitants, thoroughly German in feeling, though not at first unwilling to exchange their aristocratic tyrants, generally weak and not rarely wicked, for the better organized rule of the French Emperor. At Düsseldorf he remained until their rout at Leipzig compelled the French to cross the Rhine, and then, and it is to be hoped for ever, to abandon German soil. Count Beugnot, having such a reputation as a truth-teller, may be believed in his statement that he did all in his power to reconcile, by a firm but impartial administration, the Grand Duchy of Berg to its conquerors. With some peril to himself he strove to mitigate the pressure of the taxes, but he could not succeed in mitigating that of the conscription. It was, indeed, a fatal necessity of the first Napoleon's never-ending wars and lust of appropriation that the longer he reigned the more oppressive his rule became. Lavish of human life, insanely rushing beyond the Vistula while Spain demanded all his energy and all his resources, he was driven by reckless ambition to rack-rent every province, and to make desolate villages as well as cities by his increasing need of soldiers. It was not difficult to augur the fall of such a policy, or rather of such headlong impolicy, long before the catastrophe. In 1808, however, the full evil of his system was not apparent. He broke some chains at the very moment that he imposed others. His Prefects—especially such as Count Beugnot—were a welcome

exchange for potentates who had corrupted as well as oppressed their subjects. It was a change very similar to the one which reconciled the Roman world to the Cæsars. Their legates were at least preferable to the annual or triennial swarm of senatorial locusts who left Rome bankrupts and returned to it solvent and wealthy. The analogy seems to have occurred to Count Beugnot himself, who thus describes the position of a French Préfet; and his view of it, if lofty, was perhaps justified for a time by the extraordinary power, and not, as it afterwards became, the noxious and intolerable régime, of the Empire:—

It was somewhat of a position in Europe at that time to be a Frenchman, and it was a considerable one to be the Emperor's representative anywhere. With the sole exception that I could not have abused my position with impunity, I held in Germany the same position as the ancient Roman proconsuls. There were the same respect and obedience on the part of the people, the same obsequiousness of the nobles, the same desire to please and obtain my favour. At that time we were under the charm of the Peace of Tilsit; the invincibility of the Emperor had not experienced any check. I came from Paris, where I spent my life at his Court—that is to say, in the midst of the memorable labours and fascinations of his reign. In his councils I had been able to admire, near at hand, this genius ruling over human thought. I thought he was born to hold fortune in his chains, and that it was quite a matter of course for nations to fall at his feet. . . . I worked with remarkable zeal from morning to night, astonishing the inhabitants of the country, who did not know that the Emperor exercised the miracle of his active presence upon his servants, however far they might be away from him. I thought I saw him before me when working in my study; and if this perpetual imagination sometimes inspired ideas above my scope, it still oftener preserved me from faults that arise from negligence or carelessness.

This is a remarkable passage, as showing the strength and ubiquity of Napoleon's influence—a ubiquity never approached except by the best of the Roman Cæsars. As to the stability of the Empire, Count Beugnot was not so far-sighted as Talleyrand, who discerned in its highest estate the seeds of its decay:—

The Prince [says the Count] was informed of all that had passed at Bayonne, and seemed indignant at it. He said, "Victories are not enough to efface such actions, because there is something mean, deceitful, and tricky about them. I cannot say what will happen, but you will see that no one will ever forgive him this."

In another place Count Beugnot intimates other symptoms of the decline of Napoleon, as in some measure a result of his harsh and perfidious dealings with Spain. He says:—

The turn taken by the war in Spain was undermining our credit in Germany. The princes of the Confederation in public followed our standard, but their people's secret wishes were against us. One of the princes said to me, "How long do you expect us to go on with your never-ending victories? We preserve the honour of our arms, and exhaust the blood of our people."

Prussia, as was natural, played the first part in this concert of hatred. Perhaps our conquering hand had been laid too heavily upon them; perhaps we had to blame ourselves for having wounded them in those delicate points that remain sacred even among enemies. At the bottom of the heart of every Prussian was not only a need but a rage for vengeance against everything that bore the French name. The Court of Prussia, by leaving Berlin for Königsberg, had opened the flood-gates to the universal hatred that was boiling over in the capital. Young men of distinguished families organized themselves into bands of adventurers, and took oaths to fall upon the French anywhere and everywhere.

With Napoleon's first abdication Count Beugnot's connexion with him ceased. His political sentiments enabled him without inconsistency to transfer his services and allegiance to the restored Bourbons; for, although he was a Liberal, he was also attached to constitutional government, and he had seen and "supped full of the horrors" attendant on never-ending war. He was old enough at the outbreak of the Revolution to mark the weakness and the vices of the French monarchy. He had sufficient opportunities under the Restoration to perceive that the replaced King and the returned Royalists were ignorant, feeble, prejudiced, and superstitious. All the benefits, and they were not few, which the Republic and the Empire had conferred on France were made in vain, if not wholly abolished, by princes whom adversity could not make wise, who still clung to the theory of divine right, and who halted between the extremes of an old régime and Parliamentary government. Trained to official life under the Directory, matured in it under the Consulate and the Empire, Count Beugnot, so far as regarded public business, found himself fallen on evil times. When he brought to Louis XVIII. his official reports, drawn up and arranged in the order required by Napoleon, he found a short and ready way to royal aversion. His Majesty at their first interview gave him—then holding the office of Director-General of Police—a pointed rebuff:—

Before commencing work [he says] I had given the King the police-sheet—that is to say, a statement containing, in a summary form, information as to the names of the parties, the nature of the affair, its special urgency, and a column of observations. The King, who had never seen or thought of any such thing, asked me what I meant. I had the want of tact to tell him that such was the way in which we transacted business with Napoleon, who was not always able to allow his Ministers the time necessary for transacting the business which they brought him, and selected those that seemed to him to be the most urgent. "Very good, sir," said the King to me, "but as I shall always be able to give you all the time you want, you may relinquish your forms of business towards Bonaparte; I do not hold them at all. Begin at the beginning."

But, so far from being liberal of his time, His Majesty proved to be a most impatient listener, thought the Director-General tedious, and not to be endured. He was not pleased. "The Count was rather prolix, and dwelt on details," M. de Blacas told him that M. d'Aguesseau was the man who, in the Royal opinion, presented his business with most moderation and grace. And what was the business transacted in the closet? That of the Order of the Saint Esprit, which, however important in the eyes of a pious Freethinker.

—for Louis the Desired attended church regularly, and yet studied in his secret chamber Voltaire and the Encyclopædists—was by no means of an onerous nature. The Count evidently knew not the way to the Royal ear. Besides his “want of tact” in the reference to Bonaparte’s way of doing business, he was deficient also in the knowledge that Louis prided himself far more on his literary taste and acquirements than on his duties or privileges as the descendant of Pharamond. Had the Director-General consulted the Bourbon Aristarchus on such important subjects as that of M. de Chateaubriand’s or Madame de Staël’s last book, or the comparative merits of Corneille and Racine, he would have found an attentive and intelligent listener, have had his police reports signed off-hand, and perhaps been preferred for “moderation and grace” even to the applauded M. d’Aguesseau! The Abbé Louis, one of the Count’s colleagues, was better advised. “Did you not see,” he said, “from the first day that you were wearying the King to death? And then what is the use of making reports to him? It would be of just as much use to make them to a saint in a niche.” Nor was order or punctuality in business the Count’s only imperfection. He was not of an old family. He had touched too much pitch in those evil days when Louis had no affairs except those of the kitchen or the stable to plague him, and he was defiled by consorting so long with such *roturiers* as Lucien and Napoleon Bonaparte. Madame de Stiniane, “one of the most enchanting beauties of the time,” enlightened this plebeian ex-Prefect as to his proper position. What though he had been Chancellor of Exchequer in the Grand Duchy of Berg for six years, did that make him a gentleman born?

The approaching organization of the Cabinet was spoken of at her house, and some one mentioned my name for the Home Office. The Countess was shocked at it, and when the same person persisted, praising my capacity, she said, “that has nothing to do with it; all very well in Bonaparte’s days; but now the Ministers must be men of rank, with good works at their command to do the business, such as are called *hacks* (bouleaux).”

Count Bengerot during the Hundred Days followed the King and the Court to Ghent; but he did not think it incumbent on him to make the good city of Edinburgh his abode when Charles X. emigrated to Holyrood Palace. The Ordonnances of 1830 at last satisfied him that the proper place for at least the elder branch of the Bourbons was a foreign land, if not indeed a hospital of incurables. After reading the Memoirs which we must now close, we are disposed to marvel that France, not hitherto remarkable—at least since 1789—for its patience with inglorious monarchs, endured even the *Desired* so long. The cause of such apathy or moderation was partly the occupation of the country by the Allies, but still more its exhaustion by the Napoleonic wars. Even a somnolent ruler was for that generation preferable to a restless one. Glory was all very well so long as conquered provinces paid the bill for it; but glory for which the means were wrung from French pockets alone was not merely a costly but an odious luxury. The caution or the wisdom of one generation is not entailed upon another; and it remains to be seen whether France has acquired by recent suffering any portion of such experience as is recorded in the life and adventures of one who loved and served her well.

PALEY’S HOMER.*

TO a volume which fully sustains his great reputation as a critic and an interpreter Mr. Paley has prefixed an introduction which bears witness, at the least, to his honesty of purpose. The subject of this introduction is the thorny controversy about the age and composition of the poems to which we give the name of Homer; and if some readers may be tempted to dismiss it with the remark that the questions here discussed have been put and answered again and again, the obvious reply is that, when in spite of these previous answers the controversy is repeatedly reopened, the answers are in all likelihood unsatisfactory. It is possible that the conclusions here reached by Mr. Paley may not receive the ultimate sanction of scholars; but it is not the less certain that we can avoid them only by showing that they are untenable. The question must be settled, in short, by evidence, not by assertion; and for the present the method of inquiry is a matter of far graver importance than any results which we may fancy that we have reached.

In this respect the course of Homeric discussion during the last fifteen or twenty years is both instructive and humiliating. Scarcely more than one other subject can be named in which a greater disposition has been shown to dogmatize, and even to browbeat those who, seeking only to ascertain the real facts of the case, may have used language not easily to be reconciled with the traditional belief. The widest inferences have been made on the scantiest grounds, and their acceptance has been demanded on pain of an imputation of almost moral obliquity. The inquiry whether our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were poems originally written or handed down for a time merely by oral tradition has been denounced as something far more heinous than an offence against any canons of criticism. For all who venture to meddle with things so sacred M. Barthélemy de St.-Hilaire has the short and decisive reply that the *Iliad* carries on its face the proof that it was from the first a written poem, because when the heroes put in their lots into the helmet, in the fifth book, they make scratches which the man who traces the mark is able to recognise. That

the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* existed much as we have them now, in the days not only of Perikles or of Peisistratos, but even of Lycurgus, has been regarded as an indisputable proposition by all perhaps except the few who are not disposed to think that a general belief must necessarily be a true one; and statements of the widest range and of extreme importance have been made on this mere assumption. According to Colonel Mure, these poems were, at least from the days of Peisistratos, “the acknowledged standard or digest, as it were, of early national history, geography, and mythology.” In the opinion of Bunsen they formed “the canon regulating the Hellenic mental development in all things spiritual, in faith and custom, worship and religion, civil and domestic life, poetry, art, science.” In short, the whole drama, not less than the whole lyric poetry of Greece, is steeped in the influence, and reflects at least the thought, if not the language, of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

If these assertions are not true in fact, the man who helps to disprove them does good service. In any case his efforts to disprove them must be useful, for, if Bunsen and Mure are right, further examination can but establish their conclusions more firmly. But, in spite of ridicule not stintingly lavished on the sceptical, the attitude of the conservative critics has been somewhat changed; and the degree of license which they are disposed to allow to Homeric discussion has become one of the most curious features of the controversy. The vehemence which led John Wilson to regard as little less than sin the notion that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were not the work of one poet only, has given place in the *Edinburgh Review* to the tranquil conviction that, after all, the doctrine of the Choriizontes is true, and eminently wholesome for these times. With an amusing assurance the writer of the article on this subject in the current number of that journal insists that “the fundamental pillar of their system can never be shaken because the text of the poems, so far from being annihilative, is greatly in support of their hypothesis.” This evidence must be taken for what it is worth; but when the later date of the *Odyssey* is inferred from the higher civilization which it is supposed to exhibit, it may be doubted whether this conclusion is favoured by the fact that in the *Odyssey* women grind corn, while in the *Iliad* they spin and sew. But, as with Mr. Paley, the conclusions of the Reviewer are of less consequence than his method; and our present purpose is simply to mark the degree of fairness and judicial impartiality in weighing evidence, attained by either writer. From this point of view it is amusing to find a writer who propounds a doctrine which would have been as a sword thrust into the heart of “Christopher North,” including under one sweeping sentence all who go further than himself. There is a delightful simplicity in the assertion that “modern scepticisms may promulgate unheeded their whimsical fancies about Homer; one ingenious hypothesis alone should engage our attention, that of the ancient Choriizontes.” However charming may be this placid assurance, it is not criticism, and it runs the risk of receiving a rude shock when the writer comes in contact with a scholar who lays down a doctrine very different from that of the ancient Choriizontes, and whose criticisms, whatever be the result of the discussion, will certainly not pass unheeded. It is not criticism to speak of the assertions even of Wolf or of Payne Knight as “radically defective in principle, and incapable of proof one way or the other”; but when the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, who believes that Pausanias secretly held the doctrine of the Choriizontes, goes on to say that “he feared too much the calumnies of his contemporaries to declare what conclusion he had arrived at,” it is amazing that he should be blind to the warning conveyed by his own words. The opinion of Pausanias has been sanctioned, he believes, by the general assent of scholars; yet Pausanias kept the opinion to himself. Happily the Reviewer may be spared the pain of thinking that his own language has had on Mr. Paley the effect which the dread of his countrymen had upon Pausanias. Mr. Paley has not “preferred silence and supposed adherence to old notions than (*scilicet*) ridicule for what might be considered paradoxical eccentricity.”

Whatever may be the worth or force of the evidence collected by Mr. Paley, he is mistaken in thinking that candid and impartial scholars will regard the task of considering it “a waste of time on a subject of no importance” (p. lvii.). It is a matter of grave importance to determine whether poems which are supposed to be more ancient than the time of Peisistratos were known in their present shape not much before the age of Plato; and a negative answer sweeps away at once the dogmatic assertions of Mure and Bunsen. But the issue would stretch even further than this. If even the very partially historical character claimed for the *Iliad* by such champions as Mr. Blackie is claimed on the ground that the poem existed as we have it in the sixth century before our era, and that thus the presumption is that we have in it a genuine narrative founded upon actual fact, this claim falls to the ground with the proof, if proof can be adduced, that the materials of the poem were floating about for perhaps a thousand years or more before they took their present shape.

The two questions, it must be remembered, are quite distinct; and even if the whole of the philological or archaeological evidence collected by Mr. Paley be rejected, the authority of the poem as an historical narrative is as far from being established as ever, unless it can be shown that the poet lived at, or quite near to, the time of which he professes to tell the story. With this further point, however, we are not for the present concerned. Mr. Paley’s arguments are sufficiently bold, and put with sufficient skill and force, to call for the serious and patient attention of

* *The Iliad of Homer.* With English Notes. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Vol. II. Books XIII.-XXIV. London: Whittaker & Co. 1871.

friends and foes alike. Nor will the latter find that they can, by a mere disparaging epithet, get rid of the plea that "if Peisistratos really did promote at Athens the study of any Homer at all, it must have been the same Homer whose poems were so soon afterwards so largely used on the Attic stage"; and that, if he introduced any Homer at all, "it would certainly be what in his time had the greatest reputation as the most genuine work of the poet" (vii.).

It is a fortunate thing that the question as put by Mr. Paley is at every stage one of fact. Having thus stated his position, he goes on to lay before the reader a complete sketch of the Tale of Troy as we have it related or noticed by the lyric and dramatic poets of Hellas. The accuracy or the falsity of this sketch is a point on which the Homeric scholar can have no difficulty in satisfying himself; but unless the main features of this version of the tale can be accounted for or explained away, it will not be easy to resist Mr. Paley's conclusion that "the Iliad and the Odyssey, though they do occasionally touch slightly on some of the above incidents [i.e. those which are related or noticed by the lyric or tragic poets] as events well known at the time, could not possibly have been the origin or the basis of them; nor could they, as definite and primary parts of the story, have been expansions, so to say, of mere Homeric hints." The inference, in this case, will follow "that our two epic poems were of necessity put together after, because in great measure from, the large mass of ballad literature which Pindar and the Tragic knew of in their entirety" (xxi.).

Some part of the evidence on which Mr. Paley relies for the proof of this proposition has been given in the introduction to his first volume. The main points on which he now lays stress are those which turn (1) on the use of Alexandrine or late epic words in the text of our Iliad or Odyssey, (2) on the occurrence of pseudo-archaic words and inflexions, and (3) on the evidence furnished by anatomical descriptions and the character of armour worn by the warriors in these poems. Under the first head he remarks "that a number of words occur, in themselves of a remarkable and exceptional kind, and usually as ἀρχαῖα εἰρημῖνα in our texts, but which are also used by, if they are not familiar to, the Alexandrine poets." To the retort that in these instances the later poets may simply have adopted certain words from Homer, he replies:—

Our great uncertainty as to the doings of the διασκευασταί, the good faith and honesty of the Alexandrine critics, and the precise extent to which they tampered with the Homeric text, added to the generally important fact that it was by Alexandrine heads and hands that our Homeric texts were first critically edited, should make us cautious in denying that a considerable number of words belonging to the latest, i.e. the post-Platonic epic dialect, may have been foisted into the older compositions, whether by fraud or ignorance is immaterial to the argument. For my own part, I may state that I am entirely convinced that such is the case, and that to an extent which I sometimes hesitate fully to contemplate.—(xxviii.).

Evidence of such a kind as this must be necessarily cumulative, and must be measured by its strongest, not its weakest, links. If in II. i. 106,

μάντι κακῶν, οὐκὼς ποτὶ μοι τὸ κρήνον εἶπας,

"we have not only the Attic use of the article, and a gross violation of the digamma in εἶπας, but the strange word κρήνον, which occurs only here in Homer, but was *usitatum* by quite late poets," the same remark applies to ἀγέσσαν, which in Mr. Paley's opinion "bears on its very front the impress of a καὶνὸν κόμμα," but which, although occurring only once in Homer, is twice found in Apollonius; and so also to σιλοῦν, φωριαμὸς, ἀσφόδελος, and a host of nouns, substantive and adjective, without advancing to the consideration of whole phrases.

The pseudo-archaisms, if such they are, and if in many instances they are the results of mistakes made through ignorance or even unconsciously, are both more interesting and more significant; and few probably will feel altogether unconcerned at seeing the same process applied to the Iliad and Odyssey which was applied with disastrous success to the Rowley ballads of Chatterton. The instances chosen by Mr. Paley all demand serious consideration. It is impossible not to be struck with the double use of the word τέλαος, which is identical with our "tilth," in Iliad xiii. 707, where it cannot possibly mean τέλος, "the end," but which is nevertheless used in the sense of "and" in II. xviii. 544,

οἱ δ' ὅποτε σπρίσαντες ἰκοῖαο τέλαον ἀρούρης,

"where the sense, of necessity, is the end of the field." An instance not less curious is furnished by the words πρίανται and πρίσσειται. The latter is unquestionably referred to φῖνω in II. xv. 140,

ἢ πρίαντ' ἢ καὶ ἐπειρα πρίσσειται,

but is not less distinctly referred to φῖνω, in II. xvii. 155,

Τροίη δὲ πρίσσειται αἰπὸς δλεθρος,

as compared with line 244 of the same book,

ἡμῶν δ' αὖτ' ἀναφαίνονται αἰπὸς δλεθρος.

"There can be little doubt," adds Mr. Paley, "that the double use of πρίανται led to the error." (xli.)

The long list of such words is closed with the guarded statement that

It is not intended to give any dogmatic or even decided opinion on the spuriousness of these and many similar Homeric forms, but merely to invite attention to a phenomenon of the Homeric language, and to offer an ex-

planation of it which goes very far in accounting for, on the theory of late composition, the apparent anomaly of very old words being mixed up with those of the more recent dialects.

It can scarcely be said that Mr. Paley asks too much; nor will it be prudent to ignore the archaeological evidence which he professes to have gathered from Greek vases or other works of art. A theory which encounters fewer difficulties is more probably true than one which is met by some grave obstacle at almost every step; and, in Mr. Paley's opinion, the popular opinions about Homer stand much in the same position, and are likely to share the same fate, as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. If the fact, or alleged fact, that scenes from our Homer began to appear only on late vases, "precisely as it is only in Plato, or very little before his time, that definite quotations from our text are to be found," be in itself a formidable difficulty, we can scarcely afford to pass unnoticed the number of medical and anatomical phrases occurring in the Iliad (v. 305; xiii. 546, 651; xxii. 324), or such terms as πρόγαστος, the pit of the stomach—words which, in Mr. Paley's judgment, "point to the age of Hippocrates, a contemporary of Herodotus, when first the art of medicine was systematized on anything like scientific principles." To say the least, it seems as difficult to reconcile such medical knowledge as is implied in these lines with the exceedingly imperfect and crude civilization claimed almost universally for the Achæians of the Iliad, as it is to account for the complex and elaborate character of their armour—a character which presents no material point of contrast with the mode of arming Greek soldiers even of the time of Perikles. If this fact be granted, the conclusion follows that for four or five centuries, and probably for a vastly longer time, the military art was absolutely stationary; and this conclusion has sorely perplexed many Homeric critics who have yet felt themselves compelled to avow it. In Mr. Paley's judgment it can be maintained only "in defiance of all that we know of the necessary laws of progress in civilized communities" (lvii.).

We have confined ourselves to the task of giving a brief outline of Mr. Paley's argument, and of the evidence by which he supports it, without pronouncing any opinion of our own for or against either. The state of the discussion is such as to make it an imperative duty to insist on a candid acceptance or an adequate refutation of the conclusions urged by Homeric critics, whether on the conservative or the negative side; and at the least it must be said that Mr. Paley's conclusions are neither refuted nor weakened by the arbitrary scepticism which upholds the doctrine of the Chozizontes, and regards as mere absurdity the attempt to answer any question not discussed by the Alexandrine critics.

CAPTAIN PALMER ON KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEAS.*

WITHOUT making much pretension to power of literary expression, or to the artistic eking out of materials, Captain Palmer has shown himself so straightforward, hearty, and energetic in the task he has taken in hand, as to make his book very pleasant reading in itself, besides throwing valuable and authentic light upon a matter of grave social and even international import. The reports of nefarious practices carried on among the beautiful islands of the South Pacific, by men calling themselves Englishmen and covering their evil deeds by the folds of the British flag, led to the despatch of H. M. S. *Rosario* from Sydney, in March 1869, under the command of Captain Palmer, with the commission to make inquiry into the allegations of violence or treacherous acts being systematically practised by shippers towards the simple and helpless natives. The pressure upon the labour market, not only in the Fiji and other settlements, but also in Queensland, has for a long time induced a kind of traffic which it is difficult to distinguish from the slave trade itself. The public mind has been horrified with tales of suffering from the South Pacific which outvie in atrocity the worst deeds of the African middle passage of old. Peru especially, in which local slavery had been abolished sixteen years ago, was the focus of the coolie traffic from Macao, until the representations of the British Minister at Lisbon led to its suspension. Last October occurred the frightful tragedy of the rising of 300 coolies on board the *Nouvelle Pénelope* from Macao to Callao, under the French flag, with the murder of most of the crew. Worst of all was the burning of 600 poor creatures on board the *Don Juan*, of previous ill-repute as the *Dolores Ugarte*. If no such extremes of horror have been reached under the British flag, or in the supply of British settlements, it was no slight scandal that simple natives should be seduced by false promises, or carried off by open violence on board vessels clearing out from Sydney, ostensibly for the trade in cocoa-nut oil, or the bêche-de-mer, which is prized like caviare by the Chinese *gourmet*, and run across to Brisbane in Queensland, where they fetched from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 6*l.* 10*s.* a head "passage money." No less than thirteen English vessels were reported to have so engaged from Lifou or Maré and the continent since May 1865. Complaints of this traffic had been made by the French Government of New Caledonia, by whom stringent regulations are enforced for protecting the labourers obtained from the New Hebrides. None can be received, Captain Palmer assures us, into the island except directly under Government supervision.

* *Kidnapping in the South Seas; being a Narrative of a Three Months' Cruise of H. M. S. "Rosario."* By Captain George Palmer, R.N., F.R.G.S. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1871.

On their arrival at Noumea they are visited by three Government officials—the captain of the port, the health officer, and the immigration agent—who ascertain if the labourers are on board of their own free will, whether they are in good health, and whether they understand their agreement, which is read out to them by the Government agent both when they are shipped and when they land at Noumea. Their wages range from 10 to 20 francs a month, with rations of 900 grammes (2 lbs.) of rice a day, and 450 grammes of salt pork a week, doctor's care gratis, and a free passage back to their homes at the end of two years. So strictly are these rules observed that on several occasions the Government transport *Bonite* has taken the natives back when no private vessel was there to charter. Native labour is obviously one of those things which are managed much better by French hands than by our own, despite Captain Palmer's insinuation that the French did not, and could not, complain so long as the British vessels confined their kidnapping practices to the New Hebrides or Kingsmill groups, because they got labour from those islands themselves, their complaint only beginning when natives were decoyed away from the Loyalty Islands, which are dependencies of New Caledonia. The fact is, no Government can well secure perfect compliance with its regulations. Our own Protestant missionaries were for awhile under suspicion with the French Governor; too fine an opportunity, Captain Palmer thought, to be lost for paying us tit for tat. We expostulated with them about the coolies a few years ago, and now they return the compliment by accusing us of kidnapping. We could do nothing hitherto but point to the Queensland Labour Act, of which Captain Palmer proceeds to point out to us some of the precious fruits.

Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for Fiji and Tonga seemed to Captain Palmer to have about as difficult a billet as any gentleman in the diplomatic line, or indeed in any other. No flag flies over the former of these islands, nor is there even a native king, as at the Tonga group. Everybody does consequently that which is right in his own eyes, and the result is a South Sea Alsatia, whither resort the Melbourne sharper and the Sydney defaulter, with the other pariahs or Bohemians of the Australian continent. The facility of growing Sea-island cotton has of late years drawn thither a special class, who lacked sufficient capital for a profitable start in Australia or New Zealand. A comparatively lawless state of society is the result, in which the few of a better sort contrive by a kind of lynch law to keep under with some difficulty the ruffianism of the many, suffering not a little in character from the ill-repute engendered by the malpractices of these gentry. We see no reason to question the good faith of the protest in which half-a-dozen of the leading firms of planters repudiate the charge of kidnapping, and invite Captain Palmer to investigate their system of obtaining labour and their treatment of the native hands. The problem is how to catch or to restrain the black sheep of the flock. A hopeful couple of planters—not Englishmen, we are glad to hear—are stated to have been in the habit of flogging their Fijian serfs, and rubbing their backs with Chili pepper or nettles. Shortly before Captain Palmer's arrival, a native woman who had displeased one of these worthies was tied to a tree, and her great toes cut off with a hammer and chisel. Her tribe made upon this a descent upon the plantation, destroying the machinery and stock of cotton, and killing and eating, not as ill-luck would have it, the ruffians themselves, but two of their half-caste children. One of these white civilizers had the audacity to go to Sydney, and ask for assistance to revenge himself. A number of cases came to Captain Palmer's notice of the same type as that told by a certain "Jemmy," a native of Perout in the Kingsmills, who had gone on board a schooner to sell mats and fowls, and was told with some sixty or seventy other men, besides fifteen women, to sleep on board, it being sunset. In the morning they found the ship out of sight of land. They were brought on to Makongai, Fiji. Not until they arrived there were they told they were to stop thirty moons to work and then be paid and sent back. The rule of sending these poor wretches back is in too many instances a dead letter. Not a single native who has been taken from Erromanga, Captain Palmer asserts, has ever come back. Within sight of land they have to be restrained by force from jumping overboard for a swim to shore. The wonderful powers of the natives in the water are often fatally taxed. A party came to shore while our author was in Fiji, who had been since the day before in the water. In August 1869 a gang of two hundred and eighty Tahitians enticed on board the French barque *Moorea*—a Mr. Latin, who was supposed to have gone to Sydney, going shares with the captain, and accompanying him on board—rose upon the white crew, killed all but the second mate, and finding the vessel drifting fast from land all jumped into the sea. Only thirty came to shore. Even those who have voluntarily gone for one year, as at Viti, never came back, their relatives complain. Some time ago one did come back after three years' absence in Australia, to find himself given up and his wife living with another man. A serious row was the consequence. In October 1868 the *Young Australian*, a three-masted schooner of 190 tons, left Sydney for Levuka, with a license which the Consul afterwards deeply regretted having given (he never issued another), to pick up men for the Fiji planters, labour being much needed and a handsome price being given by way of "passage-money." The boats that picked up the natives as usual always had muskets in the stern sheets. Three natives in a canoe were cut off and dragged on board—one, a chief, hooked through the cheek with a boat-hook. A row breaking out among the captives in the hold, seventy in number of different tribes and languages, the super-

cargo, Hugh Levinger, a Frenchman, and the crew fired down upon the wretches, killing three, among them the wounded chief, and wounding several. On trial at Sydney the master and native mate were sentenced to death, but were respited. Levinger, convicted of manslaughter, got off with seven years' hard labour. The most abominable dodge resorted to by gentry of this class, which Captain Palmer narrates, however, with some reserve, was the getting up a vessel to personate the Mission schooner, and sending on shore the most respectable-looking of the scoundrels on board in white choker and blue spectacles, with a Bible under his arm, to spread the news that the bishop had come, and was laid up on board with a broken leg. Fifty or sixty natives, according to the story, were thus beguiled with the bait of seeing their beloved father, battered down below, and carried off, their desperate and screaming women being cut adrift in the canoes alongside. Serious fears were entertained, we are told, for Bishop Paterson's safety during his last cruise in 1869, owing to the villainies which had thus got mixed up with his name.

The beautiful archipelago of Fiji, some 1,200 miles north of Auckland, New Zealand, studded with 200 islands, the principal ones being Viti Levu and Vanna Levu, was first discovered by Tasman in 1643. It was in 1835 that three Wesleyan missionaries, from the Friendly or Tonga Islands, first settled there. From the inability of the Tonga teachers to pronounce the letter "v," the native name of "Viti" has become corrupted to Fiji. The Fijians are a fine race, quite up to the Maoris in physique, but inferior to them in intelligence. They are warlike, and fight well, the cannibal tribes on the mountains of Viti Levu having beaten off a man-of-war's boat which got embroiled with them by misadventure. The photographs inserted in Captain Palmer's narrative give a favourable notion of their aspect, despite their almost unredeemed nakedness. Thakombau, an old chief, once a noted cannibal, now clothed in a kind of guernsey frock, and in a better mind, has quite a patriarchal and respectable look. His household is conducted after the European model, and one of his sons is partner with an Englishman in a cotton factory. The old man's horror at his former life is expressively shown by his declaring his intention, when the Duke of Edinburgh was expected, to cover the island with native mats, "so that the Queen of England's son should not dirty his foot with the bloodstained soil of Bau." The New Hebrides cannot show so fine a race of men, though they are strong and well made. A remarkable difference is found between the languages spoken at Aneiteum, Tanna, Erromanga, and Vati—lands nearly all within sight of each other. There is scarcely less marked a difference in the physique and aspect of the inhabitants. Here must have been at some time or other the meeting-place of people of different types—the Papuan, New Hollander, and the Malay. Many an involuntary transit has doubtless been made from land to land by native canoes, of which several instances are on modern record. A curious tradition was told to Captain Palmer by Consul Thurston, of white men having been cast ashore upon islands near the Solomon group under the line; "but they were turtles, and arrows and spears would not hurt them"—no doubt some of the early Spanish adventurers wearing armour. We are interested in getting particulars of the existing state of the French penal settlement of New Caledonia, shortly, it may be, to receive recruits from the ranks of the defeated Commune. Discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, the island is about 250 miles long by 35 in uniform breadth, surrounded by coral reefs dangerous of approach. The climate was extremely hot in March, and water hard to get when the *Rosario* anchored there, and next morning many of the crew were on the sick list with dysentery. Hurricanes render that season of the year exceptionally unpleasant. The sugar estates seem thriving, and the convicts generally contented and well-to-do. Men sentenced to ten years, Captain Palmer was informed, never see France again, but get a plot of ground gratis. Vegetation is naturally luxuriant, and cotton, sugar, and coffee bring wealth to the cultivators. At M. Joubert's large sugar mill English horses and grooms were seen in perfect condition and style. Several things in the convict establishment astonished the English officers. Thumbscrews and other ingenious devices savouring of the Inquisition were exhibited. Mortification and the loss of a finger had occurred in one instance. Another victim was awaiting the guillotine. These, however, we take to have been native or Algerian desperadoes. Of the number or condition of political prisoners we get no definite statistics.

Captain Palmer was unfortunate in the result of his vigorous action in seizing the *Daphne*, a schooner which came into Levuka from Tanna, fitted up precisely like a slaver, with a hundred natives on board, under circumstances more than suspicious, her papers being made out from Brisbane to Tanna and back, and her license only extending to fifty "passengers." Seeing through the pretenses of the master and supercargo, and steeling himself against their threats of consequences, Captain Palmer sent the *Daphne* for trial to Sydney, setting the native freight at work upon plantations at Levuka. How the case broke down in the Admiralty Court, owing to the want in the first place of an interpreter, and in the next of the means of getting a connected story out of the simple islanders—the vessel being released, yet costs disallowed on account of the strong primary case against the shippers—all this, candidly and temperately told by our author, may be read in further detail in the series of Parliamentary papers lately published

on the "Deportation of South Sea Islanders," in continuation of correspondence presented to Parliament in August 1869. It is satisfactory to learn that, notwithstanding the lame result of the trial, the Board of Admiralty at home granted Captain Palmer his expenses, and gave him promotion. The report of the Admiralty registrar gives a clear and able summary of the case, and throws much light upon the difficulties which naval commanders have to contend with in the present state of colonial jurisprudence and local opinion. We share Mr. Rothery's surprise at what has been transmitted home as the highest official judgment upon the "incompetency of natives to give evidence upon oath." So long as this incompetency is recognised, there is little chance to the poor islanders of immunity from the sharks and sharpers who disguise man-stealing or piracy under specious names. Some good may be hoped for from the facts certified in the blue-book just mentioned, as well as from Captain Palmer's stirring exposure of the business. There is much in the candid avowal in Lord Kimberley's circular to the governors of the Australian colonies in March last, that "acts of violence and barbarity have been from time to time committed by British subjects in various islands of the Pacific," and in his announcement of the intention of Government to move Parliament to measures of repression. Whenever Parliament shall find the leisure and the will for a strict code of immigration laws, and the colonial Executive bring equal energy and good-will to the task, a few naval officers of Captain Palmer's stamp will be all that need be called for to render the present abuses and horrors a thing of the past.

EDWARD DENISON.*

HENRY TAYLOR has made his hero Philip van Artevelde say—

All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from among them chose considerably,
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purpose;

and it is most true that, though versatility has its attractions, concentration of energies upon some one work having for its end the bettering of mankind is the master-key to the respect and honour of our fellows. Those of our readers, if such there be, who chanced in May last to hear an eloquent London preacher discourse upon the text "Thou shalt renew thy gifts," have heard this reasoned out; and to such as did not it may suffice to explain that the burden of the discourse was that, whereas youth and early manhood have half-a-dozen or a dozen objects on which to exercise the gifts of genius, taste, mind, and fancy, there comes a time and season when, in a solid character, choice is deliberately made of some one out of all these to be pursued for the rest of life to man's good and God's honour. The time of such selection is relative. Some men ripen before others. In the records of short great lives the season for choice would seem to have come earlier than in other cases, and hence the homage that the world pays to what it calls "great promise," whereas it is really "great performance," when cut short. It must have been so with the subject of a very interesting volume now before us, though as yet only in private circulation. We speak of Edward Denison, whom politicians may remember as the promising member for Newark in the first year of the present Parliament, but whose title to live in men's hearts and memories was a yet young life—it ran but thirty years from commencement to close—given up to the "cause of poor humanity," and a gifted and intellectual mind weaned from the pursuits of literature, the refinements of society, and the calls of friendship, to all of which it was keenly susceptible, to concentrate itself on the single end of lifting the people from their present low level, socially and morally. What ordained men, specially called and sent, achieve in the pauperized districts of the East End of London we know in part from *Episodes of an Obscure Life*. But on such—nor is this said in any spirit of detraction—a necessity is laid; it is woe to them if they preach not the Gospel; they do but live for the hope which they daily instil into others. When a layman in early manhood dedicates his life to the practical solution of the social and religious questions that affect our working-classes, and, with all the advantages of birth, connexions, and position, prefers duty to pleasure, a sphere of work to one of amusement, a lodging in the East End to a home in the West, and can thank God that it is daily "becoming more and more impossible to allow any whims to lead aside his life from the road whose track constantly becomes more distinct and clear, and its bounds on either side more impassable," his name deserves to be had in remembrance, and it is right and fitting that one more member of the band "qui sui memores alios fecere merendo" should live anew in his biography and his letters. Of the latter Sir Baldwin Leighton has undertaken to make a selection, and he has prefaced it with an almost too brief memoir. We are persuaded that a few more personal traits and details, a glimpse or two more of the man as he seemed to others, would be acceptable to those who had not the privilege of knowing him. If, as is much to be desired, the late Edward Denison's friends can be induced to make

what was meant only for private perusal as public as the example which it records deserves to be, so able and appreciative a pen as that of Sir Baldwin may be trusted to fill in a few more lights and shades, and so to give finish to the picture of a nineteenth-century philanthropist of rare ability and sincerity.

For our present purpose, however, it will suffice to glean from the sketch, as it stands, the briefest particulars of Edward Denison's life. Born at Salisbury in 1840, he was son of the then Bishop of that diocese, and nephew of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, he was prevented from achieving equal University distinctions to those of his father and three uncles by ill-health resulting from over-training for the boat-races of his schooldays. This ill-health clung to him more or less throughout the rest of his career, as may be surmised from the fact that he wrote many of his letters from Madeira, Italy, the South of France, Bournemouth, and other places visited in quest of stronger lungs and constitution. But everywhere the bent of his mind was towards a study of the condition and habits of the poor, and from 1862 to 1870, when he died, the work of his life seems to have been theoretical and experimental devotion to the amelioration, on sound principles, of the classes which come within the range of the Poor-laws. With this end in view he went to Stepney to cope personally with the great East End distress, taking up his quarters for the best part of a year at Philpot Street, Mile End Road, and building and endowing a school there for the teaching of ragged children, while he himself lectured to working-class adults. With no other purpose—for politics with him, as is seen in many of his letters, did not mean questions of "Vote by Ballot," or "Disestablishment of Churches"—he offered himself in 1868 for the borough of Newark, and, having been elected after a contest in which he distinguished himself by the candour and independence of his hustings speeches, sat as its member for a brief year, and drew the attention of thoughtful minds within and without the House by an able maiden speech on Mr. Corrance's motion relative to Pauperism (May 10, 1869). But the labours of the Session precipitated his removal from a field of usefulness in which he made social questions his speciality. He had to leave England once more in quest of health, and after a visit to Guernsey, and the relinquishment of a projected visit to the United States, each planned with an eye to the absorbing purpose of his life, he finally repaired to Melbourne in a sailing-ship, where, as the voyage had injured his health instead of improving it, he died (January 26, 1870) within a fortnight after landing.

A mere summary, however, cannot do justice to such a man's life and acts, much less to the animating principle of them, and to the carefully ripened and well-stored mind which avoided the visionary and grasped the practical in all that it attempted. The letters themselves must be studied for an insight into that mind and the work it did. Though here and there a fear is expressed lest it might be thought so, there was nothing narrow or timid, certainly nothing indicative of worship of expediency, in the character of Edward Denison's mind. Well-trained and taught, it shrank from violent changes and hasty choices. He deprecated, for instance, the broadcast distribution, through the Colleges of our Universities, of men of every creed, because the necessary consequence of such a change would be the elimination of doctrinal instruction; but a visit to Switzerland, and a study of the actual working together of Protestants and Catholics in a secular school, induced him to change, or greatly to modify, his views on this subject. He held aloof, with instinctive caution, from divers schemes and associations as to which he was not satisfied about the wisdom of the promoters. "I am ready," he writes, in one place, "to dig in the vineyard, but I don't feel bound to imitate every vagary of my fellow-labourers." And one can understand why such a man, when solicited to join the Church Union, declined on the ground that "he already belonged to the best possible Union—that Body which is the blessed Company of all faithful people." Whether in religion, or politics, or social science, he looked wistfully for the practical element, and where he suspected a lack of this he hung aloof, and risked the charge of lukewarmness rather than go blindfold with a clique putting undue trust in legislation for moral improvement, or commit himself to the dogmas of extreme partisans. Yet there was nothing halting in his rule of life. "Real life," he writes, "is not dinner parties or small talk, nor even croquet and dancing." Literature and study were with him means to an end; they were the cultivation of his gifts with a view to enhancing his capacity to benefit his fellow-creatures. And so, in the course of elementary Bible teaching which he gave single-handed to a roomful of dock-labourers at the East End, and in which he used illustrations from human nature, natural religion, and secular history, we cannot doubt that his reading reproduced itself with good effect; though whether his quotations from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Pope went beyond playing the part of "that blessed word Mesopotamia to the old woman," was a question which even his enthusiasm admitted to be an open one. Yet it did not trouble him much so long as he did his part by carrying instruction and the Gospel to the poor, instead of expecting them to come and ask for it. "If John Baptist had stood up in a half-empty synagogue, and had said, I wish the publicans and harlots would come here, because then I would teach them to repent, how many would he have been likely to baptize? And if Christ had limited His teaching in the same way, what chance would there have been, think you, of founding Christianity?" But, having made the proffer, he did

* *Edward Denison*. A brief Record, being Selections from Letters and other Writings of the late Edward Denison, M.P. for Newark. Edited by Baldwin Leighton. With a Preface. Privately Printed. 1871

not fret about its acceptance or non-acceptance. "No man may deliver his brother, he can but throw him a plank." Meanwhile his personal self-abnegation stands out undesignedly on the face of his letters. If he dilates, in January, on the delights of skating, it leads him to remark that he would give up the pleasures of frost a thousand times rather than enjoy them "poisoned by the misery of so many of our brethren." If he expresses his pleasure in seeing Shakespeare well acted, and displays his familiarity with good acting and with dramatic criticism, it is when he has gone into the Adelphi to take a last look at Kate Terry, and is about to bury himself with the world left behind, in the realities of Philpot Street. They were realities which left little leisure, and "harked him on" to self-devotion. "I have come to this," he writes in the September of 1867, "that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with double zest."

So minded, Edward Denison could not but carry out heartily that which his hand found to do. Convinced that the bad condition of the population at the East End was due chiefly to "the total absence of residents of a better class, and to the dead level of labour," convinced, too, that "the mere presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert to keep local authorities up to their work is inestimable," he took up his quarters in a district the precise locality of which one of his letters describes with a humorous topographical accuracy, and which was simply the antipodes of fashionable or even business London. There he set himself to wrestle with pauperism by setting his face against bread and meat and money doles, and by combining with others to deal radically with a few cases of aggravated distress; whilst he coped with irreligion and indifference by throwing himself into the work of a lay evangelist, and becoming the animating spirit of a working men's club of the better sort, and an active, hopeful teacher of boys and adults as occasion required. Clearly convinced from the first that indiscriminate charity is mischievous, and that giving money only undoes the work of the new Poor-law, he read and thought, and travelled, whenever he did travel, with an eye to making assurance doubly sure. The Poor-law of 1834, which aimed at diminishing pauperism by imposing stringent conditions of relief, having broken down through ineffective and partial carrying out, he saw that we were getting back to the Elizabethan Poor-law, which aimed at the care of the sick and impotent, the setting "on work" of the able-bodied, and the punishment of the obstinately indolent. And so he threw the whole force of his outspoken earnestness into the task of urging upon conferences of East-end Guardians and editors of East-end papers well-considered plans for the regulation of charity, so as to cut off the resources of the habitual mendicant; for the limitation of outdoor relief by means of a sufficiently elastic labour test; for penal work for professed beggars; for circulation of labour, in place of congestion; and for the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourer. How much he achieved in the sphere within which he worked, until summoned to the great council of the nation, may be partly judged by his letters; how much more he might have done in that wider sphere for which he only partially left his East-end clients, may be inferred from his remarkable maiden speech, and from the sound views which his correspondence develops upon such vital social questions as national industry, repression of drunkenness, colonization, and so forth. Perhaps he was hardly thick-skinned enough for a modern M.P. In the full view of his triumph at Newark, he wrote, "Really some of these electors disgust me. I don't think it's my *métier*. I almost hope they won't have me, and then I'll take to literature. I believe abstract political speculation is my *métier*. Only very strong ambition can induce a man to lie and cringe enough for political success. You see I'm rather bilious. I have been all alone in an inn for three days." And that he would have been an independent member may be seen from his admission that, if the rate-paying clauses were discussed, he should have to defend his votes against his party. In an early letter he justifies lamentation over those who die with their part unfinished, and the first portion of their career broken off, as it were, with a ragged edge. A curious anticipation of his own cutting short! We may deem that, in the eye of Providence, the hour was not ripe; or such intensity of purpose, with so holy an end in view, would surely have been allowed to achieve, in a lengthened term of usefulness, the solution of the great problem of these latter days. That the end is not yet must be the secret of so sharp and premature a removal.

DRAPER'S AMERICAN WAR.*

A FAIR history of the American Civil War—one that shall do justice to the motives and the principles of both belligerents, and deal with their respective views and claims with an impartial regard to the past history, the moral position taken, and the constitutional rights claimed by each, rather than with a passionate preference for one or the other based upon some single consideration, such as slavery on one side and democracy on the other—is not yet to be expected. Though the contest may perhaps be closed, its bitter feelings and its political consequences remain. It has

left behind it a heavy legacy of irritating and difficult questions, whose solution must depend in great measure upon the view that men may take of some of the issues that contributed most to inflame the old quarrel between North and South; and while the generation which witnessed the bombardment of Sumter and the rout of Bull Run, the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley and the burning of Columbia, is still living, it is hardly to be expected that any American should be able to review the records of the struggle in an historical spirit. And of those few European observers who understood enough of American political and social problems to deal with such a theme, nearly all shared too deeply the passions of the contending parties, sympathized too warmly either with Northern abolitionism or Southern chivalry, to think with cold impartiality or write with even temper of the causes and the fortunes of the war. We may doubt, indeed, whether such a history as we are contemplating will ever be written. It is seldom that posterity cares to do full justice to a fallen cause; to take up questions long since peremptorily decided, and examine the merits of principles and systems opposed to those which, having triumphed, are finally embodied in the recognised usages and adopted as part of the settled faith of the civilized world. Still more seldom do men who have accepted that faith, and passed deliberate condemnation on the fallen principles and overthrown systems, care to consider them from a bygone point of view, and judge and force readers to judge them, not as they appear to posterity, but as they must necessarily have appeared to those who had grown up under them, and whose habits, interests, and hereditary convictions were involved in their maintenance. Therefore we may well doubt whether any future historian will care to examine the position of the Southern people from the Southern point of view; to put aside the abstract demerits of slavery, and to judge the quarrel simply on its political grounds, as between equal confederates who had each their own social system, their own laws and usages, and were entitled, within the federation, to equal respect for both. Assuredly no sign of such candour has yet appeared in any of the histories of the war that have passed under our notice; and those must be regarded as comparatively fair and honest in which the conduct and the claims of the South are not willfully distorted and misstated—in which the writer, if himself unable to apprehend, and therefore incompetent to present to his readers, the political aspect of the dispute unencumbered by ethical questions which neither of the parties to the Federal compact were entitled to import into it, at least endeavours to give the facts as they really occurred, and to repeat the arguments of the South as they were actually stated by Southern writers and orators.

Among the many Northern authors who have aspired to write the history of the war, none has approached so nearly to this standard of comparative candour as Dr. Draper. In that portion of the record in which the Northern side is generally most violently and most exclusively pressed upon the reader—the story of the long political struggle which preceded the appeal to arms, and in which the passions that rendered civil war inevitable were aroused, exasperated, and rooted in the hearts of the contending peoples—he makes an evident and studious effort to be not only accurate but liberal; not only to state the facts correctly, but to do justice to the motives and the convictions of men whom he regards as utterly and unpardonably wrong. He not only tells his tale as truthfully as he can, but he gives at great length and with great care the case of the South as presented to his own mind by the defenders of Southern institutions and the vindicators of Southern claims; and though he himself is evidently unimpressed thereby, a careful reader will find in his pages abundant reason to doubt whether the North was really so thoroughly in the right as it appears to this Northern author. He will find, in short, that the case of the North rests entirely on the assumption that slavery is a crime; and, however little he may be disposed to dispute this assumption, it will occur to every one not blinded by partisanship, or rendered careless by preconceived judgment, that it was one which the North had no right to import into its Federal relations. No point was more clearly ascertained, more distinctly laid down in the very formation of the Union, than the uninterrupted and inviolable sovereignty of the States over their own domestic institutions. The right of the South to maintain slavery within her borders was constitutionally indisputable; it had been doubly recognised by the North—in the clause forbidding Congress to prohibit the slave trade before 1808, and in the Fugitive Slave Law which formed an article of the Constitution; and having once entered into union on equal terms with the Slave States, the North was bound, within that union and during its continuance, not only to make no attacks on slavery where it existed under State Laws, but to recognise its existence as an institution co-equal with freedom within the area of Federal jurisdiction. It is absurd to suppose that the Slave States were to admit the enormity or even the inferiority of their own system, and to accept its exclusion from the Territories in which they had an equal right—most of which were, indeed, originally their own.

This fact once understood—it being once perceived that, so long as the Union subsisted, the South was equal with the North, and slavery as good as freedom, in point of all Federal rights—it is impossible for a reader of Dr. Draper's History not to perceive that in the political battles waged between North and South the latter was usually acting in self-defence, and that in nearly every case the North was the aggressor, and was encroaching on the equality and infringing the rights of the South. The commencement of the feud was the attempt of the North to exclude

* *History of the American Civil War.* By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1871.

States claiming to enter the Union with slave constitutions, at the same time that free States were admitted without dispute. It was clearly impossible that such a pretension could be tolerated; it was clear that those who advanced it did in fact deny the equality of the Slave States, and violate the first condition of Federal unity. The Missouri Compromise, which grew out of this dispute, gave up the larger part of the Federal territory to the North, and gave the South only an equal right in the remainder. In the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war the South might seem to be acting aggressively. But Dr. Draper himself shows that she was animated solely by considerations of self-protection. Immigration had given the North an overwhelming ascendancy in the House of Representatives; the only security of the South lay in maintaining equality within the Senate, and to do this it was essential that she should have the means of forming new Slave States, to counter-balance those rapidly growing up in the North-west. All her alleged rapacity of territory arose from this one cause. She had more land than she could cultivate with her actual population; in Texas and in Cuba she sought not new plantations, but new States; not additional cotton lands, but additional votes in the Federal Senate. She never claimed to control the North; she desired only that the North should not be able to domineer over her. From the moment that she gave up the hope of maintaining equality in the Senate, it became evident that secession was only a question of time. From the moment that a party formed on the principle of sectional hostility to the South acquired the control of the Federal Executive, it was obvious that the time had come. And no one has ever been able to maintain that the South could safely have remained in the Union save on the inadmissible hypothesis that she should have made up her mind to submit, and not only to allow her institutions to be remodelled, but to allow them to be remodelled by Northern legislation. No people ever accepted such subjection till they had appealed, and appealed in vain, to the arbitrament of battle.

In like manner, and again in his own despite, Dr. Draper makes it evident to the reader who forms his own conclusions instead of accepting his author's, that the bombardment of Fort Sumter was in reality an act of self-defence, forced on the South by Mr. Lincoln's determination to reinforce the garrison. If any one doubts this, he has only to ask himself what would have happened if, when the Federal fleet and army began the siege of Charleston, Fort Sumter had still been in the hands of a Federal force? The allegation that the attack was made in order to hurry the South into war, and to render secession irrevocable, is of a piece with the absurd misconception of the whole situation which ascribes the action of the South to a "conspiracy." What has been already said shows how wide of the truth such an idea must be. The feud between North and South was essentially popular. Throughout the forty years' struggle the whole Southern people had been of one mind; they had been gradually welded into a nation by the habits of common action and common hostility; they had been wrought up to a pitch of vehement feeling by the war in Kansas; they had been insulted and outraged by the honours paid throughout New England to the fanatic who had atoned with his life for a midnight raid into Virginia, and an attempt to excite servile insurrection; the election of Mr. Lincoln was a formal declaration of war against institutions as warmly cherished by the poorest white as by the richest slaveowner; and yet we are told that the Southern people did not secede of their own will, but had to be tricked and cheated into secession by a conspiracy. Would any conspiracy have been able to carry Georgia out of the Union against the efforts of Alexander H. Stephens; or would that gentleman have accepted from conspirators the Vice-Presidency of the Confederacy? Here we may observe that Mr. Stephens entirely denies the speech and the sentiments which Dr. Draper, following a Northern forgery, universally believed during the war, imputes to him. He always held that the South had a right to secede, and was justified in secession; he only differed from his countrymen in general in believing that she might still safely remain in the Union, and therefore, when his State seceded, he adhered to his allegiance, and gave his earnest support to her policy, though he had vainly striven to prevent its adoption.

Dr. Draper's account of the war itself is less interesting than his discussion of its causes. Clear and straightforward, his narrative of military movements is hardly full enough, hardly characterized by sufficient knowledge, to compete with records written by military eyewitnesses or by professional observers. But it is honourably distinguished by a desire to be candid, and to avoid abusive language; and he speaks of the Confederate chiefs and armies generally with the decorous and respectful hostility due to a brave and unfortunate enemy. The course of the war presents another point on which his history contradicts his theoretical doctrines, as—to those who read it with vigilant and open minds—it does in almost every page. He believes profoundly in the influence of climate on national character, and is perhaps the more tolerant and temperate in his treatment of Southern polity, because he imputes the preference of slavery, the fiery temper, the independent spirit of the South to the influences of isothermal lines. But the records of the war show that the climate had not affected the military character of the Southerners. They still resemble Englishmen more than they resemble any Southern nation; are still distinguished by the pertinacity, the endurance, the discipline, and the steadiness of the English soldier, while the Northerners showed more of French impetuosity in the onslaught, and French liability to panic in repulse. Much more truth lies in the contrast

between the family life and domestic ideas of North and South, as drawn, however reluctantly, by our author; and a perusal of his work will leave the thoughtful reader impressed with new respect and sympathy for the thoroughly English character of the South, and with an earnest hope that, when she emerges from the gloom that still hangs over her, it will be found that the best features of her social life have survived the fall of slavery—that the love of home, the reverence for parents, the womanly and wifely virtues of one sex, the chivalry and honour of the other, still remain, as on the testimony of an enemy they once were, the characteristics of the Southern American, as of his English ancestry.

ACLAND ON NATIONAL HEALTH.*

SANITARY reform seems to be suffering at present from the very completeness with which the case for it has been made out. We are some way yet from the resolution which is wanted in order to carry out the conclusions at which we have arrived, and yet the conclusions themselves are so generally accepted that there is little inducement to insist upon them any longer. The most ardent friend of national health can but repeat over again arguments which he finds no one to deny, and yet if content with his easy triumph, he abstains from needless demonstration of received truths, he finds that the truths themselves remain barren for want of any one to put them in practice. In his lecture on National Health, Dr. Acland enumerates "two things and two things only" which have still to be done before the sanitary reformer can rest and be thankful. The first is to interest, intelligently and systematically, the mass of the people in sanitary progress; the second is to establish an adequate Health Department. If the former end were once attained, the latter would in comparison become of little moment. The existing Poor-law supplies an organization which, if the importance of the work were universally realized, would of itself be sufficient to answer almost every purpose:—

Invest the Guardians of rural districts with adequate power, give them the requisite knowledge, appoint persons to the office with special qualifications, and trust them on behalf of the people to do all that can be done for maintaining the National Health in their district. Keep the medical officers informed of all established knowledge bearing on health functions; give them in the eyes of their fellow-men an honourable office, and a scientific and trained staff is to your hand in every corner of the nation.

If sanitary knowledge were thoroughly diffused, the machinery thus described would be adequate, or would soon be made adequate, to all demands. The people would realize that their physical well-being, equally with their pecuniary well-being, depends on restraint of individual selfishness by law. Having the appointment of the officers charged with carrying out the law, they would take care to choose men who knew and could be trusted to carry out their wishes; and if it proved that the powers committed to these officers were less stringent than the case required, Parliament would be immediately and effectually asked to invest them with additional powers. Under these circumstances a Central Health Department would find nothing left for it to do. The local authorities would look as unfavourably upon a manufacturer who wanted to poison the air with the smoke of his chimney, or the river with the drainage from his works, as they now look upon a Roman Catholic priest who asks leave to minister gratuitously to Roman Catholic paupers. There would be a prejudice against every proposal calculated *prima facie* to injure the general health of the neighbourhood which it would be very hard to get over.

For a long time to come, however, Dr. Acland's second requirement promises to be the chief means of gradually satisfying his first. A Central Health Department is wanted to create and stimulate that general interest in the subject which is in the end to make its existence unnecessary. To such a department Dr. Acland assigns two main functions—"to appreciate the growing wants of the people," and bring in Bills to meet them; and to "disseminate information and advice without stint to every part of the country." Each of these functions helps and is helped by the other. Without the dissemination of information and advice, it will be little better than useless labour to bring in sanitary Bills. The local and personal interests affected by reforms of this kind are so numerous, the dislike to the trouble and outlay which it costs to initiate them is so universal, that until people know what they lose by living in conditions which predispose to disease, or which are, to say the least, unfavourable to health, they cannot be expected to give the Government the support required for carrying measures through Parliament. Yet without wise legislation by way of precedent and illustration, it is difficult to get the information and advice understood and followed. Consequently the first function of a really efficient Health Department would be to make a wise selection among the many subjects of possible legislation lying ready to its hand; such a selection, that is, as would make the benefits of such legislation generally felt after the shortest attainable interval.

Dr. Acland believes that the creation of a satisfactory Health Department would not be a very difficult undertaking. A very small part of Mr. Goschen's withdrawn Bills related to this part of the subject; but if the enactments contained in Part VI. and a few clauses of Part VIII. had become law, "the preven-

* National Health. By Henry W. Acland, F.R.S. Oxford and London: Parker. 1871.

tion of disease and the promotion of national health" would have taken "equal rank with the first preservative functions of the State." There is no reason why the clauses in question should not be at once reintroduced apart from the clauses relating to the more complex and difficult question of the incidence of local taxation. The main point is to take the care of the public health from the supervision of the Privy Council and of the Home Office, between which authorities it is now distributed, and to place it under a responsible Minister. The possession of a ubiquitous medical staff points out the President of the Poor Law Board as the natural recipient of such new powers as it is found necessary to create. The committal of these duties to the Poor-law officers will also tend to take away that sense of novelty which is more excited by the presence of new officials than by the discharge of new functions by officials to whom people have grown accustomed. "Consolidation," say the Sanitary Commissioners, "is all that is required to make a Central Public Health Office in Great Britain the most efficient that has yet been devised"; and consolidation is a process which rarely excites much opposition unless it be among the officials affected by the change. At the same time it is important to bear in mind that the best constituted Health Department will be that which best teaches the people to manage sanitary matters rightly for themselves. When that point has been reached, one main end of a central office will have been fulfilled, and the active supervision of the Government may be profitably directed to questions in regard to which the rate of progress has been less satisfactory. It is only while education is at a very low stage that it will be necessary to compel people to keep pestilence from their doors. But while education is at this stage, it is as pedantic to object to the required compulsion being called into play as it will then be to insist on its being retained.

One fault we must find with Dr. Acland. He has missed an opportunity of discussing with perfect propriety a point which very much needs discussion, and which, at the same time, it is very hard to discuss with propriety. In the beginning of his lecture he observes that, "at present sufficient attention is not paid by sanitary writers to the fundamental truths advanced by Malthus, but often overlooked or misunderstood. Undue increase of population means increased pauperism and increased disease. These in their turn generate an increased number of wretched children, incapable in body and mind," and the maintenance and relief of this decrepit generation implies "crushing taxation of the industrious, capable, and healthy." Of the truth of all this there can be no doubt, but it is very important to know whether there is any other side to it. Dr. Acland simply says that self-control and prudence in marriage will prevent such disasters. Ordinarily it is almost impossible for public speakers or public writers to say more than this; but Dr. Acland was lecturing before the College of Physicians, and was consequently free from the restraints which surround a man who is directly addressing a non-professional audience. He might have told us whether the general recognition of preventive checks among the peasantry in France and among the wealthier classes in the United States has influenced the morality of the people favourably or unfavourably, and whether self-control and prudence in marriage are the only results of preaching Malthus's doctrine on a large scale. The prevalent neglect of this aspect of the question by scientific writers has very much interfered with the general acceptance of their views. People feel that they are asked to take them in the dark, and that their practical consequences may turn out to be very different from their theoretical consequences. Dr. Acland rightly includes the ministers of religion among the classes of persons who have the physical condition of the nation more or less in their power. But he may be sure that their services will not be enlisted in the cause of preventive checks until they have a far clearer notion than it is at present possible to obtain of the moral effect of the doctrine they are asked to propagate. When dealing with one of the strongest animal instincts, it is essential to know what shape self-control is likely to take, because there are possible forms of it which might be as injurious even to the physical well-being of the community as the early marriages which work so much mischief. If there are more illegitimate births, for example, the greater comfort secured as regards the legitimate family by greater prudence in marriage may be neutralized as regards the nation by the larger proportion of children brought up in circumstances highly unfavourable to their bodily or mental development. Or if increased prostitution is the consequence, the accompanying spread of disease, and the moral deterioration of a large number of women, may do as much to promote pauperism as the lowered rate of increase in the population does to diminish it. These are only the most obvious of the difficulties which suggest themselves, but the whole inquiry to which they belong is one of increasing importance, and men like Dr. Acland would be doing a real service to the State if they took proper occasion to follow it out in its moral and physical results.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BARRINGTON.*

WE have seldom met with so substantially short a story that took so many words to tell. A very few lines would summarize the leading incidents, and give the pith of a plot which

the verbose ingenuity of Miss Barrington's biographer has contrived to make staple enough for three heavily printed volumes; but we confess we think that her ingenuity is misapplied, and that a closer style and terser rendering would have been more to the advantage of the work and of its readers. Holme Lee has never shone in passion or vivacity, her literary qualities being rather of the quiet and natural than the powerful or brilliant order; but on that account she ought to guard herself against her corresponding danger of weakness and prosiness, and keep a check on her tendency to dilute. She has never sinned so deeply in this direction as in the *Beautiful Miss Barrington*, which, had she compressed it into two short volumes, or less, might have been a pathetic and effective story, but, spun out as it is, is nothing but a long and feeble drone overlaying a few bars of original melody, a much ado about a very little indeed.

We have yet other faults to find with this book; and one is a strange amount of vulgarity of expression. Remembering that it is a lady who writes, and a lady who is assumed to tell the loves and sorrows of the "beautiful Miss Barrington" and the misdeeds of her friends, it is startling to come upon such phrases as "he cheerfully rode Shanks' nag when he could not borrow one"; "all who were firm on their pins"; "I did not care a chip"; "the Marquis handling the ribbons"—phrases which are not spoken in character, but which belong to the author and biographer. But, indeed, there is a great deal of odd phraseology of all kinds in this book. In one of her letters Felicia, who is the beautiful Miss Barrington, speaks of her father as "studying the devil's books"; again, not being Scotch, she wishes that her lover, whom she calls Prince Charming, would beat everybody soundly who has an ill word to say against either of them, "so that there might be an end of their lies, and they taught to keep a calm sough for the future." Elsewhere, when Rosa Bethell is "scornful"; when Grannie "looks scornfully out of her half-closed eyes"; when Miss Reed sits by "with her pinky-winky eyes furtively scanning the countenance of the tortured girl"; when a gentleman objects to the companionship of a certain person for his daughter, as not wishing her to be "lighted as her friend," we feel that Mrs. Clare Gower, the reputed biographer, has at least the merit of originality. We cannot say the same of her grammar, the defects of which are not so much original as of the usual order of young ladies' grammar. Her relatives and antecedents frequently disagree, and she by no means shrinks from making "them" refer to "any one." "Was become" is one of Holme Lee's favourite verbs; "since her quite early years" apparently does not grate on her own ears, if it grates on ours; and she speaks of "dimity white dresses" which is much the same as if she spoke of silk black gowns. She affects *nomade*, *galop*, *sermonette*, and *chaperone* (*sic*), in place of the common English equivalents; and she perhaps unconsciously parodies a famous anecdote that went the rounds of London society some five-and-twenty years ago, when she describes "a great tear splashing on her clasp hands." Again, she is wonderfully fond of italics, in one place using seven in eight lines; and she has the bad habit of dragging in allusions to things and people of the present day, though her story is dated just after the Crimean war. She speaks of a famous "mad doctor" by name; a marriage between an artist and a lady of rank, which made its due amount of social noise when it took place some years ago, is broadly and rather coarsely indicated; and Miss Colquhoun, "a lady-preacher of note to navvies and soldiers, a large handsome personage," is a portrait which many will recognise. She makes a *débutante* speak of her presentation to "a dignified stout little lady in blue," who gave her a white hand to kiss, whereupon the *débutante* looked up with a tremor, and the queen looked down with a smile. But this ecstatic kiss is about as like the real thing as the notion that—the day being fine—ladies would "get out" of the four-in-hand the ribbons of which we have seen a certain Marquis handling, which same Marquis is elsewhere described as staring "with the concentrated stupidity of an owl." We would advise Holme Lee to learn a little more accurately the exact formula of a Court presentation, and the manner in which ladies avail themselves of a four-in-hand when a marquis or a gentleman drives before rashly venturing on such dangerous mysteries again.

We regret that we cannot pass from this list of minor delinquencies, which, however, in a person of Holme Lee's literary status are not so very small, into a wider region of approbation. The book seems to us wanting in too many of the essential elements of a good novel to be worthy of even faint praise. It is wire-drawn in story, overlaid with dull minutiae which do not help the plot, and the characters are small and spitefully delineated. The person against whom the author, in the name of Mrs. Gower, has directed her sharpest shafts, is Miss Reed, of the pinky-winky eyes, Grannie Bethell's companion and factotum. The following extract is worthy of Mrs. Henry Wood, whose style it exactly imitates.

I invited my visitor to take her warm velvet bonnet off while she stayed, and her compliance was immediate. "I will, dear, for the weight incommodes me," said she; and suiting the action to the word, she laid her fashionable head-gear in Arthur's empty chair, and revealed to my observation a neat skull-cap of net, with an opening behind for her scanty knot of yellow hair to come through, and a space in front wide enough to admit a tier of gauzy curls. She was very ugly, the worst of her ugliness being the clay-blue leathery tint and texture of her skin in contrast with her yellow hair. Her eyes were greenish-grey, the brows and lashes redly defined; for the rest, her features were large and strongly marked. She was a woman whom you might hate easily, but whom, if you undertook to despise her, you must despise with a latent dread. For the lips that could kiss and purr with carneying [*sic*] enthusiasm could open and shut in savage, biting words,

* *The Beautiful Miss Barrington*. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

and under that stolid exterior there burned a restless, envious, bitter, cruel heart. God forgive me if I wrong her! God forgive her if I have interpreted her subtle secret arts and acts aright!

A few pages further on, we find Cousin Clare, "with the grotesque incongruity of thought which is often the rebound of overstrained solemn feeling," noticing Miss Reed's "rueful countenance under her velvet bonnet all awry," as her first perception on leaving the deathbed of her dear friend Felicia's mother. The Marquis, against whom also she has a spite, is presented to us as "dull, ignorant, conceited beyond description; a short, heavy, bolster-like figure, with a low bullet head, a mulberry face, and close-cropped black hair—a mean and vulgar type of visage, made more ugly by gross dissipation"; Mr. Barrington is a man utterly dishonourable, selfish, and cruel; Tom Bethell follows suit, the former being just a trifle more gentlemanlike and well-bred on the outside than the latter; but the feminine accent in the dictum, "Like many men lavish for themselves, he was mean for others," is unmistakable. Indeed, save the beautiful young heroine and her hero, Prince Charming, otherwise Captain Gresham, with a further exception of the narrator herself, her shadowy husband, and George Sylvester, Holme Lee has but very few good words to spare for her puppets; and the absence of anything like geniality or generous judgment in the manner of speaking of them is striking. We should have taken Mrs. Gower to have been a soured old maid rather than a warm-hearted wife and mother, as she is meant to be. Even the follies of silly, indiscreet, but not bad-hearted Rosy Bethell are gibbeted as if they had been real crimes; and so of almost every character; till one gets tired of the unvarying ill-nature of the book, and the spitefulness of Cousin Clare's partisanship. Yet the story, which is of the old, old theme that never tires, and on that pathetic side of it—the course that does not run smooth—might have been both tender and interesting. Given the bases on which Holme Lee has worked, more should have been made of them than has been made. Given a selfish, well-mannered, amiable spendthrift, something after the portrait of Miss Mitford's father, adored by his domestic victims whom he uses simply for his own advantage, and personally lovable, if morally despicable; given a bright and affectionate young heiress who loves a bad match if the lover is a fine fellow, and who is in due time called upon to pronounce between the father she adores and who needs her self-sacrifice, and the lover she idolizes but who can live without her—disappointments in love not counting for so much as dishonoured bills; surround her with unfriendly companions, some of whom want her to marry for the sake of ambition, and some of whom want her neither to marry nor indeed to live at all; give her a staunch friend, who stands by her and defends the unwisely romantic affair; and give her a faithful and humble dog-like lover, who accepts thankfully what is left of her when her dream with her hero is over, and, broken in health and heart together, she takes refuge from her father's selfishness in the first arms that open themselves to her; given all these elements, and we ought to have had a profoundly interesting story. But Holme Lee has missed her way, and the *Beautiful Miss Barrington* will be a Barmecide feast intellectually for the disappointed lovers of a stirring story. Perhaps the most tender as well as the most dramatic part is where poor Felicia's mind becomes unsettled, and Miss Reed and Tom Bethell endeavour to perpetrate the iniquity of proving her mad. But even this part is disfigured by the bad taste of dragging in the well-known name of a man still living, and by the unnecessary cruelty as well as cowardice involved. For Mr. Tom Bethell either is or is not a murderer at heart. If he is, Holme Lee should have faced the repulsiveness of her own idea by greater sincerity of work; if he is not, she insinuates what is practically a slander on one of her characters. It is a fast and loose kind of thing which is neither courageous creation nor honest workmanship; and we regret to see her condescend to the trick of smaller writers who have less skill and practice than herself to plead their excuse.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—M. JANNET'S

BIBLIOTHÈQUE ELZÉVIRIENNE.

(Concluding Notice.)

THE series of volumes entitled *Anciennes Poésies françaises*, which we undertook to notice, is one of the most interesting parts of M. Jannet's *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. The historical pieces it contains refer chiefly to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a brief review of them will show how curiously they illustrate the civil wars which desolated France under the last princes of the Valois family. We may remark by way of introduction that most of the poets whose effusions are collected together in this *recueil*, not having originality enough to strike out a new path for themselves, took their cue from some of the popular works or styles of composition which were most fashionable during the middle ages and the epoch immediately following. Thus the celebrated *Roman de la Rose* had suggested an entire cycle of semi-allegorical poems written in an affected manner, of which it would have been difficult to say whether they were more tedious or unreal; then, again, the schools of Ronsard, Charles d'Orléans, and Villon are represented in this collection by pieces having too often no other merit than that of being historically interesting.

The Italian wars carried on by Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. occupy a considerable space in the *Anciennes Poésies*

françaises. Let us name, for instance, a piece* referring to the battle which the French gained on the 14th of May, 1509, in the plains of Vella, near Aignadel; the poet supposes that Barthélemy d'Alviane expresses his regret at the defeat of the Venetians, and he describes several incidents with much accuracy, as may be ascertained by a comparison with Brantôme's *Vies des Grands Capitaines*, and Jean Marot's poem on the voyage to Genoa.

The second volume gives us, amongst other compositions, a short piece purporting to have been written with reference to the taking of Pavia by the French, not in 1544, but in 1528. And yet the poem we are now mentioning belongs to the year 1544. Now the General who commanded the French troops in 1528 was Lautrec; whilst the Duke d'Enghien (Monsieur d'Anguien), whose name appears in the title, held the supreme authority in 1544 as Lieutenant-General of the King for the province of Piedmont. He was son of the Duke de Vendôme, and brother of Antoine de Bourbon, afterwards King of Navarre. Notwithstanding his youth, he had been appointed instead of M. de Boutières, who was charged with having during the previous year allowed the Spaniards, under the command of the Marquis de Guast, to take possession of the town of Carignan. We may further remark that all the captains enumerated in the poem are quoted by Martin du Bellay and Blaise de Monluc as being present at the battle of Cériseles. M. de Boutières commanded there fifty men-at-arms; M. de Tais had under his orders four thousand infantry, and M. de Termes fought at the head of the light cavalry. It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that the piece in question is the re-adaptation of one written in 1528. But the name of Pavia still remains unaccounted for, as the campaign of 1544 took place not in that direction at all, but below Turin, in the Montferrat, and the Marquisate of Saluces; the most remarkable incidents connected with it were the victory of Cériseles (April 10, 1544) and the recapture of Carignan. The question remains to be elucidated if the town referred to under the name of Pavie was not really an unimportant village mistaken for Pavia by the ignorance of the writer. Neither Du Bellay nor Monluc gives any geographical designation which could have led to the confusion, and the map of the province of Carignan in Orlandini's beautiful *Chorographie d'Italie* contains nothing more nearly approaching, so far as spelling is concerned, to Pavie than *Piève*. Finally, let us add that the Pope then was Clement II., and the Duke of Urbino was Guidobaldo II., who seldom went to war, and who could scarcely have been in the company of the Duke d'Enghien. These difficulties have not yet been satisfactorily solved.

The French expeditions against the Italians do not seem to have been very popular, if we may believe, at least, a long *complainte*† published in the eighth volume of the collection, and in which the three Estates of the kingdom are represented as endeavouring to dissuade the monarch from what many people looked upon as a useless war. The anonymous author gives no date, but it is easy to supply one; in the first place, as the subject treated is the campaign of Charles VIII. against Naples, we are limited to choose between the years 1494 and 1495; then the beginning only of the expedition is referred to; the King is on his march towards the Roman territory, but nothing is known about his success, and it is this very uncertainty which gives to the *complainte* its peculiar character. Thus the piece is neither earlier nor later than the autumn of 1494.

The Emperor Charles V. of Germany contributes his due share to the subject-matter of the political poems we are now describing; and the patriotism of the French rhymesters of the sixteenth century finds vent in effusions of a very mediocre quality, speaking from a literary point of view. We may mention, for instance, the *Chanson des Picards* and the *Réplique des Normands*‡, which illustrate in a singular manner a passage of Martin du Bellay's memoirs (see Michaud and Poujoulat's Collection, series i. vol. v. pp. 284-5); and, again, a long poem, composed by Claude Chappuis, on the release of the city of Landrecies, besieged in 1543 by the German troops.¶ The struggle against the Emperor was one of the chief political events during the sixteenth century, and it has left deep traces in the popular literature of the day.

We need scarcely tell our readers that "perfidious Albion" forms the burden of many a ballad or broadside in the *Anciennes Poésies françaises*. Ever since the Norman conquest the feeling of antagonism between the two countries had gone on increasing, and the campaigns of Poitiers, Agincourt, and Cressy had served to heighten that feeling. The policy of England was actively watched in France, and was commented on with all the bitterness which party spirit can originate. The taking of Calais by the Duke of Guise, and the subsequent events of that memorable campaign, were a subject well calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of our neighbours, and to exercise their poetic talent. Not even the defence of Metz contributed so much to establish the reputation of the Guise family and endear them to the nation; Buchanan, Turnèbe, Daurat,

* *Les Regrets de Barthélemy d'Alviane et la Chanson de la Défaite des Vénitiens*. Vol. 1.

† *La Prise de Pavie*. Par M. d'Anguien. Vol. 2.

‡ *Complainte de France*. Vol. 8.

§ *Chanson sur la Revue de six mille Picards, La Réplique des Normands*. Vol. 1.

¶ *L'Aigle qui a fait la Poule devant le Coq à Landrecy*. Vol. 4.

and Chancellor de l'Hospital, celebrated in Latin poetry the courage which had restored to France one of its most important towns; Joachim du Bellay composed an *Hymne au Roy sur la Prise de Calais*, and, if we may believe a note quoted by M. de Montaignon in the fourth volume of the *Anciennes Poésies*, even Rabelais wrote some odes on the Duke of Guise's exploits in Picardy. The pieces collected in the series before us are not remarkable for any literary talent, their value being solely that of *pièces justificatives*; they consist of four lyrics, written in various metres, and published separately three hundred years ago in the form of pamphlets now of very rare occurrence.*

One of the most interesting documents we have to notice forms part of the third volume of the *recueil*: it purports to be an epistle despatched from the next world by Henry VII., King of England, to Henry VIII.† Here a certain amount of real poetic taste is combined with much energy and common sense, and it is a matter of regret that we cannot identify the author of the piece. As M. de Montaignon observes, the allusions made by the poet enable us to fix the year 1512 as the date of its composition; written in a somewhat didactic manner, it is evidently an official document, composed and published at the suggestion of the King of France; the poet examines in succession all the claims made by the English upon France, and shows their futility. At a time when State papers and diplomatic documents rarely came under the notice of the multitude, it was of the highest importance that a true political spirit should be kept up, and the best means of doing so was obviously to call in the aid of poetry. We have sometimes heard of Euclid and the Code Napoléon being put into verse for the purpose of helping the memory of dull students; blue-books written in decasyllabic lines would be still more curious. At any rate the *Épître de Henry VII* deserves to be mentioned here as an excellent specimen of poetry applied to politics, whether it was composed or not by Gringore, whom M. de Montaignon names in a foot-note.

Henry VIII. did not, apparently, see fit to follow the advice given him by the anonymous author of the piece we have just been mentioning; he joined the Swiss in 1513 against Louis XII. and the Venetians, and entered Picardy, whilst his allies drove the French out of Italy. La Trémouille, beaten at Novara, had not only to retreat before the victorious army of the Swiss, but to see Franche-Comté invaded and Dijon attacked; in the meanwhile Henry VIII. gained the Battle of the Spurs, and took possession of Tournai. Such are the events which roused the indignation of the poet Pierre Vachot, and led him to compose his *Déploration des trois Estatz de France*.‡ It is a piece written in what is called *vers équivoqués*, an artificial style of poetry the merit of which consisted in repeating the last syllable or two of a line at the end of the line following, but so as to give an entirely different sense, and often also a different spelling. Thus Guillaume Crétin, a poet of the sixteenth century, writes:—

Ce n'est rien dit, et tenoit le contraire,
Voulant porter chiens de race contre aire
De bons oiseaux.

It will be easily imagined that a piece of a hundred lines written in this manner must be extremely tedious; when, as in the case of Pierre Vachot's *Déploration*, allegorical figures are brought in besides, and facts are provokingly concealed under the dress of far-fetched emblems, the reading of such a poem becomes a task instead of a pleasure. No student will have any difficulty in guessing that *un rosier my-party de blanc et de rouge* means England; and that the *vieille aigle* represents the German Empire; but how are we to interpret the *chêne du gland duquel Lyon nouvel paisoit*? Does the lion mean the State of Venice, or Spain, by allusion to the Kingdom of Leon which formed part of it? or England, on account of the lion on its escutcheon? Then what does the oak stand for? Is it possible, M. de Montaignon suggests, that the acorn should have ever been mistaken for a thistle, and that Scotland should be symbolized in Pierre Vachot's dull poetry by the oak? All these problems must be handed over to antiquaries for final adjustment.

As England was always considered to be the traditional enemy of France, so Scotland ever remained the faithful ally of the fleurs-de-lys. Evidence to this effect occurs plentifully in the *Anciennes Poésies*; we may name, for instance, three pieces relating to the wedding and death of the Princess Magdalen §, daughter of Francis I., who became Queen of Scotland by her marriage with James V. Whilst Europe expected to see Charles V. invade France, James started in 1536 at the head of 16,000 men raised spontaneously by him on behalf of Francis I. Fortunately the threatened invasion did not take place, and the journey of the King of Scotland ended with a wedding instead of a fight. In addition to the *nuptiaux virolays*|| we are referring to, we may also mention a poem composed by Clément Marot, and a popular song published by M. Leroux de Lincy in his *Chants historiques français* (xi. 116-18). Unfortunately the Princess Magdalen was carried off by consumption very shortly after her marriage, and the poets who had celebrated her happiness had to

mourn over her premature death. The *Déploration sur le Trespas**, published by M. de Montaignon, is the production of Gilles Corrozet, the well-known antiquary.

On the wars of religion and the Reformation of Calvin we have also a large amount of poetic pamphleteering, Protestants and Catholics, Ligueurs and Gallicans, vying with one another in coarse invective and defamation. On the Huguenot side we may name the *Complainte de France*†, a series of sonnets which stand out very remarkably in point of literary talent, and also on account of the moderate spirit in which they are written. Their anonymous author belonged, no doubt, to the high-minded company of true Frenchmen who, whilst discountenancing the rabid violence of the Ligue, were anxious to bring about a lasting peace by means of a compromise between the Catholics and the Protestants. Unfortunately the spirit of moderation was very far from general during the sixteenth century, and the animosity of the Ultramontanists against the Reformers had reached a formidable height, owing chiefly to the encouragement it received at the Louvre. An interesting specimen of this *odium theologicum* has been preserved to us in the *Singerie des Huguenots*, an exceedingly violent satire, written by M. Artus Désiré, published with the privilege of four doctors of divinity, and issued under the immediate protection of His Most Christian Majesty.‡

The schools of Ronsard and of Marot had enjoyed such extraordinary influence at the beginning of the Reformation era that even religious poetry was affected by them. It can scarcely be doubted that the new version of the Psalms was indebted for its popularity mainly to the fact that the favourite valet-de-chambre of Francis I. had rendered into elegant French the soul-stirring strains of the Prophet-King; in the same manner, an effusion which would otherwise have passed unnoticed immediately rose into popularity if it sounded like an inspiration of the *gentilhomme Vendômois* who had composed the *Franciade*. Such is the case with the *Ode sacrée de l'Église françoise*§, which M. A. de Montaignon admits into the fifth volume of his collection. It is spoilt here and there by some of those *conceits* so frequently to be discovered in Ronsard's works; but, on the whole, it has the genuine poetic ring, and it is one of the best models of Huguenot lyric composition which we have ever met with.

The dogma of Transubstantiation was a favourite theme of satire on the Protestant side, and many anonymous pieces on the subject may be read in our series. We may mention the *Épigramme du Dieu des Papistes*||, the *Noël nouveau*¶, and the *Légende véritable de Jean le Blanc***†, this latter name serving to designate the consecrated wafer. These compositions, although occasionally exhibiting a certain amount of wit, are, as a whole, more distinguished for their scurrility, and we are not astonished at finding that the author's name is in most cases omitted. If the polemical writer who composed such pieces had been known, he would scarcely have escaped from the fury of the Roman Catholic champions.

Before concluding this part of our notice, let us mention the reprint of two Latin and two Protestant hymns, addressed to King Henry IV. on the battle of Ivry.†† These compositions are interesting monuments of the disposition which actuated a large proportion of the French nation, weary of the civil wars, anxious for peace, and enthusiastically attached to a monarch who seemed to combine in himself all the qualities of a wise and firm ruler.

After what we have said, we need scarcely remark that poetry may often be profitably consulted in connexion with political history; and if most of the productions we have noticed are of small literary value, we can name at least one really distinguished poet whose compositions form part of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*—we mean Pierre Gringore.‡‡ Born at Caen, about the middle of the reign of Louis XI., Gringore is the type of what may be called the *littérature bourgeoise* of our neighbours; his ideas are not very elevated, his inspirations do not proceed from those regions where Dante, Petrarch, or Milton found theirs; but he observes carefully what he sees around him, he criticizes freely the manners of the day, and directs the lash of his keen satire against politicians both at home and abroad. He is the echo of the French *tiers-état*, the continuator of the old fabliaux-writers, and one of the best forerunners of Voltaire. At the time when Gringore handled the pen, the insipid allegories made so fashionable by Guillaume de Lorris still seemed the *ne plus ultra* of literary composition, and the *Roman de la Rose* was the pattern held up to the imitation of all true poets. Hence the *Folles Entreprises*§§, a production which it would be impossible to classify, but which contains some very amusing and characteristic attacks upon the clergy, the nobles, and the lawyers. It must be mentioned that Gringore, an actor as well as a composer of

* *Discours sur le Trespas de la Roynie d'Escoce*. Vol. 5.

† *La Complainte de France*. Vol. 5.

‡ *La Singerie des Huguenots, Marmots et Guenons de la Dérision Théodézienne*. Vol. 4.

§ *Ode sacrée de l'Église de France sur les Misères de ces Troubles huictièmes*. Vol. 5.

|| *Épigramme du Dieu des Papistes*. Vol. 7.

¶ *Noël nouveau de la description de la Messe*. Vol. 7.

** *La Légende véritable de Jean le Blanc*. Vol. 8.

†† *Deux Hymnes du Clergé de Tours*. Vol. 6.

‡‡ *Œuvres complètes de P. Gringore*. Publiées par Ch. d'Héricault et A. de Montaignon.

§§ *Les Folles Entreprises*. Vol. 1.

* *Hymne à la louange du duc de Guyse*. Vol. 4.

† *Épître de Henri VII, roi d'Angleterre, à son fils Henri VIII*.

‡ *La Déploration des trois Estatz de France sur l'Entreprise des Anglois et des Suisses*. Vol. 3.

§ *Virolays sur le Mariage de Jacques V, Roy d'Escoce*. Vol. 2.

|| *Vers nuptiaux pour le Mariage du Roy d'Escoce*. Vol. 9.

farces and sottises, had obtained the position of *prince des sots*, a dignity which allowed him a considerable amount of licence. Just as Rabelais could venture to utter the boldest truths under cover of the scurrility so profusely dealt out in his Pantagruel, so the author of *Les Folles Entreprises* made the jester's cap and bells an apology for his boldness.

*L'Entreprise des Véniciens** is another political piece which deserves mention. Gringore's object was to excite popular indignation against the Republic of Venice, and to help as much as he could the designs of the French King with reference to Italy. For this purpose he describes the origin of the small State founded by a few wretched fugitives who had managed to escape from the hordes of Attila; he shows the city of lagoons gradually extending its sway by unjust conquests, and by a system of encroachment which respected neither right nor weakness. He enumerates the various towns successively added to the territory of Venice, and intersperses his list of grievances with threats, sarcasms, and appeals to justice.

Under the title of *La Chasse au Cerf*† our poet attempts to symbolize an episode of the Italian wars. The piece was composed during the autumn of the year 1510. Gringore shows the *cerf des cerfs* (a wretched pun, designating Pope Julius II. by allusion to the *servus servorum*), united with the *cerfs ruraux* (the Swiss), and the *cerfs marins* (the Venetians), inefficiently pursued by the *Francs-veneurs* (the French), and leaving his *pré gras* (Bologna), after having pretended to be ill and almost dead. At last the siege of Bologna is raised, Mirandola taken, and the *cerf des cerfs* sees himself in danger of being definitively and finally driven away by a glorious Assembly which is to meet in the spring (the pseudo-Council of Pisa, 1511). Gringore was not the first poet who employed the vocabulary of the chase for a political object; and Dryden's *Hind and the Panther* is another well-known work where the same system of allegory is turned to excellent purpose.

The unfortunate Pope Julius II. was more than once the object of Gringore's invective, and in another metrical pamphlet entitled *L'Espoir de Paix*‡ we find his vices and crimes contrasted with the virtues of his predecessors. When, however, we compare the poet's satire with the terrible bill of indictment framed by theologians such as Gerson, Nicolas de Clémongis, and Pierre d'Ailly, it seems very tame, and the reader easily perceives that the chief design of the *prince des sots* is to give utterance to public opinion, not to express his own indignation, which probably amounted to very little. The first volume of this new edition of Gringore is the only one yet published; we must hope that the learned editors, M.M. d'Héricault and de Montaignon, will soon complete the work they have so successfully begun. The preface on *Gringore et la Politique au XVI^e Siècle* is an excellent piece of historical composition.

The late M. Mérimée had undertaken to prepare for the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* a new and improved edition of Brantôme's memoirs; three volumes have been issued, and the concluding instalments will appear in due time, under the care of some competent scholar. About Brantôme himself little remains to be said; he belongs to the category of writers which includes Pepps and Suetonius; but he is much coarser even than the latter, for his grossness is that of a man who loves ribaldry for its own sake, and who goes out of his way to collect the *chronique scandaleuse* of his times. The *Vies des Grands Capitaines* and *Vies des Dames illustres* are the only works of Brantôme which can be safely recommended to the general reader; they are peculiarly instructive, because they deal chiefly with anecdotes and with the gossiping side of history; the author's inquisitive mind and powers of observation had led him to treasure up those minutiae which are usually neglected by professed historians, and although the moral element was sadly deficient in him, yet he sometimes rises to a sort of pathos from the very character of the personages whom he brings before us. No one, perhaps, has a better title than Brantôme to be regarded as the chronicler of the Court of the Valois; in his memoirs we see not only the refinement, the polish, and the brilliancy of the Renaissance period, but also the deep-seated corruption which was eating up society. M. Ludovic Lalanne, we may here mention, has begun publishing for the Société de l'Histoire de France an octavo edition of Brantôme's works. The events of the last twelve months have obliged the Society to interrupt its useful labours, but they are speedily to be resumed.

* *L'Entreprise des Véniciens*. Vol. 1.

† *La Chasse au Cerf des Cerfs*. Vol. 1.

‡ *L'Espoir de Paix*. Vol. 1.

§ *Œuvres complètes de Brantôme*. Publiées par M. Prosper Mérimée. Vols. 1-3.

Mr. W. FOWLER requests us to state that the Amendment to the Ballot Bill which, in the Saturday Review of July 22, was attributed to him, was in fact proposed by his colleague in the representation of the Borough of Cambridge, Mr. R. R. TORRENS.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SATURDAY (August 5), ROSE SHOW AND SUMMER FLOWERS.
MONDAY, SPECIAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SCOTT CENTENARY.—On

Tuesday, August 15, the CENTENARY of the BIRTH of Sir WALTER SCOTT will be commemorated in the Crystal Palace by a GRAND SCOTTISH FÊTE, of which the following will be the principal features: Highland Athletic Sports by the Champions and Competitors of Braemar and other Highland Gatherings; Performance of the Musical Play of "Guy Mannering," in which Mr. Sims Reeves will sustain the part of Henry Bertram; full orchestra, scenery, costumes, &c. A COMPETITION of HIGHLAND PIPEBANDS, including celebrated Gaelic Performers from various districts, the Pipes of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the 42nd (Royal Highlanders), the 91st (Argyllshire Highlanders), the London Scottish Volunteers, &c. A Collection of Pictures, Drawings, &c., the subject of which has been chosen from any of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, and tending to illustrate the universality of his genius, and the enormous influence his published works have had, as well as a Collection of Autographs and other Memorials of the great poet and writer. The names of judges and full particulars of prizes for the games and competition of prizes will be published shortly. The Admission to the Palace will be 1s., or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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The Directors are desirous of making a COLLECTION of AUTOGRAPHS and other MEMORIALS of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and particularly of Pictures, Drawings, &c., the subject of which has been chosen from many of his works for special Exhibition during the Commemoration of the Scott Centenary in the Crystal Palace on August 15. The Directors solicit the loan of drawings and other memorials of him. Great care will be exercised for the proper keeping and safe return of everything entrusted to the Company for Exhibition. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary.

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